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THE ARMISTICE.

AUSTRIA has shrunk from the decisive trial of strength with Prussia, which she appeared to be contemplating when we last wrote. When the enemy had arrived almost within sight of her capital she listened to the voice of prudence, and accepted, as preliminaries of peace, the terms which the Emperor Napoleon had arranged with Count Bismarck. That they are hard terms, no one can dispute; but they are quite as favourable as the Cabinet of Vienna had a right to expect after the reverses to which their armies have succumbed. Austria will recognise the dissolution of the German Bund, which is now an accomplished fact, and will accept the union of the North of Germany under the military and diplomatic direction of Prussia. The South of Germany is to be at liberty to form an independent Confederation, but it is not quite clear whether the German Provinces of Austria are or are not to be admitted to it. If, however, the two Confederacies should combine together for international purposes, the ascendancy of the Northern body is provided for by the provision that it is to have ten votes to the six which will fall to the share of the Southern Confederation. The Elbe Duchies will, of course, fall to Prussia, with the exception of the Danish port of Slesvig, which will revert to Denmark. Portions of German territory containing a population of three million persons will also be annexed to Prussia, in order to connect the eastern and western portions of the State. Austria will have to pay a considerable contribution to the war expenses of her conqueror; and, finally, Venetia will be assigned to Italy, in consideration of the aid which she has been willing to render to her powerful ally. These terms, it must be remembered, only embrace the three Powers we have mentioned. Between Prussia and the remnants of the old Bund there is still war, and it is by no means certain that the hand of Count Bismarck will not fall heavily on Bavaria, Würtemberg, and other States before he grants them the peace for which they must sue *in formâ pauperis*. The heavy contribution demanded from Frankfort, in utter defiance of anything like justice, shows how he is disposed to deal with those who lie at his mercy, and we shall be very much surprised if he does not take the present opportunity of giving a very severe lesson to those who have had the audacity to oppose the Prussian claim to preponderance in Germany. Not, indeed, that he is at all likely to demand any accession of territory south of the Maine. For he must be aware that such a step would revive the former feeling of antagonism towards Prussia, while it would check the nascent tendency to accept her leadership in a United Germany. The extent to which this tendency is developing itself is perhaps the most important feature of the present situation. Whatever their governments may think, the people of Würtemberg and Bavaria see that the downfall of Austria leaves them no choice but to rally round Prussia, or fall a victim to France. They may not like the North German Power much, but they like the foreigner still less; the instinct of nationality is strong in them, and it has been largely developed by the events of the last few weeks. They see that the choice lies between being members of a small confederation which will be utterly powerless, or of a general confederation of their race, which will become the strongest State in Europe. It is not surprising that under these circumstances some of the

most influential South German papers are now openly advocating the acceptance of the Prussian leadership, and that public meetings held in various large towns have emphatically endorsed the same policy. If this disposition should, as we expect, grow more pronounced within the next few days, it is tolerably certain that the Prussian premier will take advantage of it. The South German States will be required to exercise their "option" of forming, or declining to form, a separate convention in the manner most agreeable to the Court of Berlin, and we shall see, as the result of the war, a real German empire.

We are not surprised to see that this prospect is exciting considerable alarm and anxiety at Paris. As, however, the French journals do not venture to attack their own Government for allowing, or even contributing to such a result, England is made to act as "whipping boy," receiving vicariously the punishment really intended for the Emperor. We need hardly say that our equanimity is not likely to be disturbed by any reproaches which may be addressed to us for rejoicing over a strong German Power. We did not desire to throw Europe into confusion on the chance of obtaining this result. But it is rather too much to expect us to regret that it has been obtained. There can be but one opinion as to its bearing on the future of Europe, and its tendency to curb the only Power which is at all disposed to aggression. We shall not be the losers by that, and although the *Opinion Nationale*, in an amusingly absurd article endeavours to show that our present policy and sympathies are inspired by an aristocratic hatred of France and the principles of 1789, it would be much nearer the mark to say that our wishes are inspired by a true and not a spurious regard for the rights of nationalities—that we desire to see that principle turned to account in the formation and not in the dismemberment of strong States, and that we are glad when it results in furnishing new securities for the tranquillity of the Continent, instead of opening the way to ambitious schemes founded on the break up of an antiquated but still an established system. At the same time we can hardly expect that such a consummation should be welcomed at Paris. It must be obvious to his subjects that the Emperor has received the severest check which he has sustained during his reign; and he has sustained it, moreover, on a point in regard to which he carried with him the feelings of the great bulk of his people. Few Frenchmen will feel altogether satisfied that the hope of acquiring the Rhine frontier should be terminated in this rude manner; and their dissatisfaction must be increased rather than diminished by the obvious fact that the Emperor's miscalculation of the strength of Prussia, and his consequent encouragement of Count Bismarck, has had a considerable share in causing the catastrophe. With all this we have, however, nothing to do. Our only concern is as to the policy of our own Government, and on this subject it would be unjust to deny that very satisfactory assurances were given by Lord Stanley during a recent discussion. Mr. Cobden himself could hardly have laid down more broadly than the noble lord the expediency and the duty of our abstaining from interference. Up to the present time there is, indeed, no reason to suppose that we have been asked to participate in the negotiations, and few Englishmen will regret if the terms of peace are finally settled without our incurring the responsibility of giving advice on a matter in which neither our honour nor our interests are involved.

It is easy to understand why Italy should have been more reluctant than her ally to consent to the armistice. Although she will get all that she asked for before the war commenced, she will not get it in the way she wished. She has failed to impress the world with a conviction that she is a great naval and military Power. Nor is that all; peace has arrested the progress of her arms at the very moment when, owing to the withdrawal of the Austrians, her troops were really making some progress. She has seen herself obliged to halt just as she was entering the Italian Tyrol which her people long for, although her statesmen have not yet ventured openly to demand it. But a few days more and she might have been able to put forth a case of actual possession, which the assistance of Prussia would have enabled her to make good in future negotiations. It is impossible not to feel a good deal of sympathy with the Italians under these circumstances; for there is no doubt that the inhabitants of the district of Trent would willingly become subjects of Victor Emmanuel, while their territory projects very inconveniently into the Southern kingdom as it will stand after the annexation of Venetia. If Austria were wise she would graciously make this further concession, which would finally close the account between her and Italy, and leave no further impediment to the friendly relations which should subsist between them. We do not, however, expect that the advisers of Francis Joseph will have the sagacity to take this course. "Too late" is the characteristic alike of Austrian policy and of Austrian strategy. And as Prussia will scarcely run the risk of a resumption of hostilities in order to obtain for Italy this further bit of territory, there is some reason to apprehend that in this quarter the seeds of a future war will be left to germinate. So far as Austria is concerned, severe as are the terms to which she must submit, they are not in themselves destructive of her position as a great Power. She will be stronger without Venetia than with it; and if the Emperor can only succeed in conciliating the various nationalities which will be left under his sway, he will be all the better for getting rid of a connection with the German Bund. That connection entailed sacrifices which it was not for the interest of a preponderating Magyar and Slavonic State to make; it diverted it from its natural policy, and it absorbed an amount of attention on the part of the Government which would have been far better bestowed upon the internal affairs of the empire. Still it cannot be denied that there is some danger of the people of the German provinces hankering after a union with the rest of their race. Such a feeling will indeed certainly arise unless their Sovereign takes the promptest measures to satisfy their desire for thoroughly free institutions. In dealing liberally, frankly, and confidently with all his peoples, lies the only chance of safety for Francis Joseph. He has enormous difficulties to contend with, difficulties which have been materially aggravated by the present war, and by the impulse which it must have given to the aspiration of each nationality after independent existence. Still he has a strong resource in the tried loyalty of his people. If a wise, conciliatory, domestic policy is steadily pursued; if the finances are restored by prudent management; and trade is developed by the abandonment of protection, we do not despair of seeing Austria once more take an influential part in the councils of Europe.

THE HYDE-PARK SQUABBLE.

No thanks to the parties concerned in organizing or resisting the proposed meeting of the Reform League, Monday passed off without the consequences which might have been expected from a collision between the people and the mob on one hand, and the police and soldiery upon the other. Torn coats, black eyes, and other personal injuries there were in abundance; and Lord John Manners, as First Commissioner of Public Works, will have to come down handsomely for the repair of Mr. Walpole's blunder and the Hyde Park railings. But when we think what the occasion was, we are thankful that this is the sum of the evil we have to lament. As between the rival forces, it was a drawn battle. Poor Mr. Beales, who, we should say, can have but few friends interested in taking care of him, had his coat torn, and there is an ugly rumour that one of the oppressed Englishmen, to emancipate whom he had come to the Park, had the meanness to steal his watch. We are also told that while one of Sir Richard Mayne's myrmidons maltreated his garment, another unfeelingly thrust the end of his truncheon into his chest. This shows the dastardly spirit which animated the police. If this cowardly constable had struck the President

of the League on the face, he would have left such palpable evidence of his ruffianism as would have enabled Mr. Beales to claim the crown of political martyrdom. But in the shabbiest manner he punched him where the marks of his truncheon would not be open to public inspection. This was ungenerous. But Mr. Beales' "lambs" were quite as active as Sir Richard's "myrmidons;" and the Commissioner carried home, as his share of the day's trophies, as handsome a black eye as ever a Chief Commissioner of Police had the luck either to give, behold, or receive.

Of less distinguished sufferers we have nothing to say, they are beneath our notice. Who thinks of the nameless thousands of Prussians and Austrians who fell in the late battles? Such fellows were made to stand or to fall—to die or to survive, as the chances of war decide. So of the unlucky mortals whom Mr. Beales led on Monday last in all the pomp and circumstance of stern devotion to principles which nobody denies, and which before long, we all admit, must be practically conceded. If last Monday's assertion of the people's rights—in the face of a Germanic despot like Sir Richard Mayne and a Tory hater of the working classes like Mr. Walpole—has consigned a goodly number of unemancipated Britons to hospitals and police-cells, what is that to Mr. Beales? When the battle of Königgratz was raging, Benedek, as cool as a cucumber, gave out his orders between the whiffs of his cigar. Beales could hardly be quite so cool while one constable was tearing his coat tails and another was poking him in the chest with his truncheon. But previous to these acts of aggression, perhaps there was not a man in England who went forth to do his duty, whatever it might be, in a more equable and collected spirit. "Addressing the nearest mounted officer," says the reporter of the *Daily News*, "Mr. Beales requested a quiet admittance to the Park; the officer told him he could not go in, and to Mr. Beales's question, 'Why?' he said, 'I have authority to prevent you!'" To talk of such a thing as "authority" to a champion of the rights of the people was at once ruffianly and contemptible. But, with the fortitude of a true martyr, Mr. Beales meekly requested to know from whom the "mounted officer" had derived his "authority;" "and the reply was," says the reporter, "'Our Commissioner.'" Mr. Beales now observed that "the parks were the property of the people"—and trusted, no doubt, that this home-thrust would decide the whole question. He was, indeed, so convinced that it would, that he "made a movement as if he would pass the line of police, when a tall policeman, thrusting the end of his truncheon into Mr. Beales's chest, and pushed him with more rudeness than was necessary a foot or two back." Mr. Beales, in spite of the tall policeman, kept to his point, and apparently pressed "his right to be admitted." It was at this moment that the devoted patriot was, "so far as could be seen, collared by a couple of policemen, and certainly subjected to such treatment that his coat was torn across the shoulder." Such is the ferocity, such the more than Russian barbarity of a Tory police. But is this to be tolerated? Good heavens! Even if they could not resist the brutal instinct to poke him in the chest, surely they might have spared his coat.

We will concede at once that in this foolish and wretched business, which has given a three days' carnival to the "roughs" of London, Mr. Walpole has not displayed much discretion, and that his blunder is not a whit lessened because Sir George Grey says, that, under similar circumstances, he would have been equally unwise. It was in the last degree imprudent to close the Park if only because it was challenging the mob to attempt an invasion which it was well known the police would be powerless to resist. Government precipitated the very danger on which they based their opposition to the meeting. If they could have been sure that none but the working classes would have assembled in Hyde Park, there would not have been that strong objection to the meeting, which arose from the certainty that wherever there was a possibility of promoting the interests of ruffianism, the scum of the populace would be sure to be both present and active. They might have been certain that if Mr. Beales was foolish enough, which was highly probable, to persist in his intention to hold the meeting, the Reformers would be accompanied by the "roughs," and that even though the former should give way, the latter would not. They were quite safe in closing the Park against the working classes. Mr. Beales and his friends had come prepared with printed bills announcing the adjournment of the meeting to Trafalgar-square. These were scattered amongst the crowd when admission to the Park was refused, and the Reform Leaguers, with a good sense which was all that could be desired, except that it came too late, left the Park, satisfied with having asserted their right,

though in vain. What followed—the tearing down of the railings, the pouring in of the “roughs” wherever a breach was made, the ineffectual resistance of the police, and the general distribution of the marks of distinction customary upon such occasions—were results which any Home Secretary who was worth his salt could have foreseen with half an eye. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of Mr. Walpole. He is a perfectly amiable man; but a perfectly amiable man is not fit for the Home Office. It is a pity that it should be so, but amiability is closely allied to weakness, and weakness to mischief. If the safety of the Metropolis is at this moment a matter of greater anxiety to us than the fate of the Continent, it is because Mr. Walpole is the right man in the wrong place. If Lord Derby had any office in his Administration which required mildness of deportment, and did not call for more than very ordinary discretion, Mr. Walpole was perfectly qualified to fill it. But what shall we say, what *can* we say, of a Home Secretary who calls out the Horse Guards against the people one day, snivels before one of their deputations the next, and arranges for the enrolment of special constables to coerce them the day after.

In truth, Mr. Walpole has brought the Government of the country into contempt, and has blest Mr. Beales with a notoriety which a dozen meetings in the Park would not have given him. After his interview with Mr. Walpole on Wednesday, at the head of a deputation, he was glorified to his heart's content by the mob in the Park who followed him wherever he went, hailed him as “The saviour of London,” and received his congratulations on the “great and glorious victory” they had won. At every step throughout this miserable affair the Home Secretary has managed to play a losing game, and to enable Mr. Beales to play a winning one. Between his own egotism and Mr. Walpole's incapacity the President of the Reform League has actually risen into importance. He so far holds the peace of the metropolis in his hands, that he can precipitate a riot whenever he chooses. Mr. Walpole began by defying him, then he shed tears over him, then he bargained with him—but in so pitifully feeble a manner that we are almost ashamed to think that a respectable man should have been reduced to such arrant degradation. It is not often that we have to regard any of our statesmen with a sentiment of commiseration mingled with contempt. But to what other tribute is Mr. Walpole entitled, in right of the twaddle which he discoursed to the Reform League deputation on Wednesday? “Specifically,” he said to them, “what is passing through Mr. Beales's mind is this:—Mr. Beales says, ‘Withdraw the police and the military force, and I will undertake—at least as far as I can—that no disturbance or disorder takes place.’ Well, if you will assure your friends that the Government will give you every opportunity of trying the right [of holding a meeting in the Park] and facilitating the determination of that right, and that they *ask of you* [after calling out the Foot Guards, mark you!] in the interim not to insist on that right until it is determined one way or the other; that in the mean time you will convey to your friends that the Government wish to meet them in the fairest and frankest manner as to the opportunities they may have of discussing public questions, in places which are recognised as places where the police would not be ordered to interfere;—if you will only do this, I think I see the solution of the present difficulty.” Happy is the country which has for its Home Secretary a statesman who can “see”; but a statesman who only “thinks” he can see, and who shows convincingly that he overrates his powers of vision, is a perilous possession. On Wednesday Mr. Walpole thought he could see his way; on Thursday he found that he could not. On Wednesday he was sanguine about a pacific solution of the difficulty; on Thursday, unconsciously increasing the difficulty, he was sending notifications to the police magistrates to swear in special constables. Although on Wednesday he knew “specifically” what was passing in Mr. Beales's mind, he was, indeed, so ignorant of the resources of that vast and interesting region that he had to write the day after by his secretary to the *Times* and inform London that the meeting for Monday next, which the President of the Reform League had announced as part of his bargain with the Home Secretary, had not received his sanction.

In what way this folly on both sides will affect the interests of Reform, remains to be seen. Possibly it will for the moment damage them, but we have no fear that the injury will be permanent. It is, however, much to be lamented by all who have at heart the liberal development of the Constitution. We have a right to speak without reserve upon this matter, because we earnestly supported the efforts of the late Ministry to extend the franchise to the working classes, and because we hold that until the Constitution has been so modified in this respect as

to meet their just demands, it will be in a vital point defective. We declare ourselves free from any misgivings as to the possible ill effects which an extension of the suffrage may work. We have confidence enough in the good sense and patriotism of the working classes to believe that their admission to the franchise will be a source of strength, not of weakness, to the Constitution, and will add to political life what it so much needs—the vigour of sincerity. Therefore, if we laugh at Mr. Beales, it is not because we regret the principles he advocates, but because we think that he is apt to make them ridiculous. He is a barrister as well as a patriot, and he knows that, while laws are laws, they must be obeyed. To talk of the parks being the property of the people was to talk nonsense. Not only the parks, but the county in which they stand, the country of which the county is a part, the Parliament which makes laws for the country, and the Crown itself, which helps to make those laws and puts them in execution, all are, in one sense, the property of the people. So, in one sense, is Mr. Beales's private dwelling-house, and even Mr. Beales himself. But no one would think of dealing with that patriot in an illegal manner without expecting to be punished for his delinquency. No one would break his windows, steal his purse, or damage his geraniums with impunity, if Mr. Beales could pursue the culprit to justice. But Mr. Beales, we must admit, is not alone to blame in this matter. He has acted under the influence of an example which, we are sorry to say, has been degraded to the use of such a copyist. We do not always agree with Mr. Bright, but in our strongest opposition to him we have never been tempted to go the length of confounding him with such a politician as Mr. Beales. Nor can we now put them on a level, for while Mr. Bright must have perceived from the beginning the mischief to which he has been urging his follower, that vacuous egotist has gone blindfold into his work, and has only been elevated into a hero through the imbecility of the Home Secretary. The riots which have this week disgraced us are the logical and miserable result of Mr. Bright's exhortation to the people, published some time before the Easter recess, to make an imposing demonstration of their wishes—a thinly-disguised incitement to the populace to influence the deliberations of Parliament by an exhibition of physical force. As the great cock crowed, the little cock learned. Mr. Beales claimed the parks for the people, whether, for the purpose in question, they belonged to them or not, and Mr. Bright wrote to the secretary of the Reform League a letter which was either singularly childish or studiedly malicious, inciting the League to defy the Ministry, the police, and the law. That letter was a great blunder, and we especially regret it, because we have respected Mr. Bright's reputation as that of one of the foremost men of our time, to whom the country owes much, even though it wisely refrains from endorsing the whole of his policy. And it is all the more to be lamented, because it raises a strong suspicion that he has studied to provoke a collision between the people and the police at which he had not the courage to be present.

OUR OUTER LINE OF DEFENCE.

THE Board of Trade returns show that between the years 1858 and 1863 there was a daily *decrease* of two British born seamen navigating British registered ships employed in the home and foreign trade of the United Kingdom; whilst in the same period there was a daily *increase* of four foreigners employed in the same ships. The subsequent years show a more favourable return, and we find that, comparing 1858 with 1865, there was an increase of about 1,100,000 tons of shipping, and of nearly 20,000 men of all classes navigating them. The tonnage had thus increased 25 per cent. in seven years, whilst the British able seamen had increased but 9 per cent., and foreign seamen in our ships had increased as much as 76 per cent. The last returns show, in fact, 20,280 foreign, and 72,058 British able seamen out of 197,643 persons navigating our merchant ships in 1865. Another return shows that, whilst the number of persons employed in the merchant navy has increased only 30 per cent. since 1851, the number of foreigners has been quadrupled in the same period. Taking, as an example, the port of London in the present year, it is found that in one month, of the 1,668 seamen sailing from it in British ships one-third were foreigners. At the same time, in the Royal Navy, a steady decrease of actual seamen has also been going on, amounting to no less than 9,400 seamen in the four years 1861-65, leaving in the latter year only 21,107 able seamen in that service.

But whilst there has been recently so rapid a relative

decrease in quantity of *bonâ-fide* British seamen, there is also said to be a great deterioration in seamanship; so that, as a Board of Trade return shows, whilst in 1852 one vessel was lost by shipwreck, fire, collision, or other avoidable disaster, in every 209 voyages, the proportion had risen in 1862 (the date of the last return) to one in every 138 voyages. These figures are very startling, coming, as they do, from such reliable sources. They were made last week the subject of discussion by shipmasters and naval officers at a meeting under the chairmanship of Admiral Ryder, at the Royal United Service Institution, and of a debate in the House of Commons on the motion for inquiry by the member for Liverpool. At the professional discussion, both the decrease and the deterioration of British seamen were ascribed to the removable social disabilities of seamen and to the abolition of the compulsory apprentice system in 1850. It was roundly stated by more than one speaker, and generally agreed to, that the housing, food, and general treatment of seamen on board a very large class of ships was such that no skilled seaman who respected himself could serve afloat. As such men are in great request in a variety of employments on shore at home, and still more abroad, they quit the sea-service as soon as they have attained the requisite skill, leaving behind them only the less skilful, the misconducted, and the weakly. The housing was described, on the authority of some great shipowners, missionaries, shipmasters, and others, as most disgraceful, being neither wind-tight nor water-tight, having neither light, ventilation, nor decency. The extension to seamen of the law regulating the accommodation given to emigrants, soldiers, convicts, and other passengers, would insure them 15 feet space per man in a dry and wholesome part of the ship; whilst a suitable alteration in the tonnage laws would permit the housing of seamen below the upper deck without shipowners being taxed for the portion so used as if it was a cargo-bearing space. The seamen in most merchant ships envy the emigrants and convict passengers the food which the law insures to them, and ask to have that law also extended to themselves. The provisions at present furnished to many of our seamen are not fit to be used continuously as human food, so that in long voyages the water kept in casks becomes offensive, the meat often rancid, and an insufficient supply of vegetable matter given, whilst the so-called lime-juice, which is to correct their ill effects, contains none of the juice of the lime at all. Hence follows disease in a variety of forms, and especially scurvy, a fearful scourge, unknown to the Royal Navy or in the ships of the best shipowners. Patients suffering from scurvy are continually hoisted on to the deck of the *Dreadnought* in a state of utter helplessness and exhaustion, the intensity of which cannot be compared to any phase of other maladies; unable, from the swollen and bleeding condition of their gums, to take any but liquid food. Complaints constantly reach the Board of Trade and the public of rows and even mutinies occurring on shipboard from the bad quality of the provisions and the insufficiency of the accommodation. That there is nothing deterrent to Englishmen in the unavoidable hardships incident to the sea is shown both in the Royal Navy and in the services of the large shipping companies and great shipowners. It is the avoidable ills which deter respectable men from continuing to serve afloat unless they can get into respectable ships.

No doubt, seamen, of all men, are of a cosmopolitan turn of mind; and if it be desired to bind them to their own country, ties must be devised for that object. Captain Toynbee proposed, and it was generally approved of at the professional meeting alluded to, that the Government should extend the benefits of the Post-office Annuitant Deposits to merchant seamen by the agency of the official shipping-masters; or, at least, such a modification of the post-office arrangement as would be suitable to seamen. The necessary pecuniary tie would thus be effected at no cost whatever to the country, except the first cost of calculating the tables. Seamen feel doubtful of privately-managed benefit societies, and would gladly avail themselves of Government security for sums voluntarily deposited.

Moral and physical deterioration go very much together, and a large source of the former is to be found in the temptations of low lodgings in bad localities, under which, in the absence of their head, seamen's families too often succumb. The anxieties under which respectable seamen suffer during their long absences on this account is very great, and heart-breaking is the discovery not unfrequently made on his return that his wife has strayed from the path of virtue. When the seaman's wife thus goes wrong, a great link to his home and country is severed, and the national defence loses one of its reserve by the despairing husband burying his shame in a foreign country. Hence followed Captain Toynbee's proposition to construct

model lodging-houses exclusively for seamen's families, which would do for the married man what the Sailors' Home does for the bachelor. The Peabody Commissioners might well see to this. Their fund is for the benefit of the working poor of London of all classes, and we do not know any portion of the working poor more deserving of their consideration than the families of the working seamen of the port of London. A very small portion of the Peabody Fund is yet appropriated, and out of the large sum to be disposed of, it is worthy of consideration whether a small part might not in this way be advantageously employed.

The re-introduction of the apprenticeships' system, in a modified form was insisted on, both in the professional discussion and by the member for Liverpool. And without some compulsory rule obliging shipmasters to carry apprentices, the establishment of training-ships in any numbers would be futile, as the boys when trained could not be got to sea, and even if sent for one short voyage, they might quit the sea after the first trip, and the whole value of their training be lost to the sea service. The subject is one the importance of which to our national existence in a maritime war cannot be over-estimated. In 1850, when the apprentice system was abolished, we had 36,000 apprentices at sea, and if the compulsory system had continued, we should now have 50,000 boys growing up into seamen. Instead of which we have only 20,063 boys employed, with a steady annual decrease of about 630 boys. Estimating the annual drain of the men of the mercantile marine from deaths, old age, and other secessions, at 15 per cent., or 21,000 seamen and boys, the member for Liverpool calculates that there are only 10,000 British-born sea-recruits annually received to fill up vacancies, and that the residue is made up of refuse landmen and foreigners. Though Sir Stafford Northcote considered these facts too patent to require investigation, surely the Board of Trade will not sit still whilst the ranks of our outer line of defenders are being so rapidly thinned.

THE COBDEN CLUB.

It is the favourite theory of a certain school of philosophers that the progress of the world is entirely due to the operation of general causes, which may, indeed, work through the medium of individuals, but which gather no material increase of force from any single person. A great work is accomplished, they say, at a particular time because society is ripe for it, not because a great man is there to do it. If it was not done by one, they assert that it would be by another. This is no doubt so far true, that even the greatest men can but take advantage of the circumstances by which they are surrounded. But against the doctrine in its full breadth the common sense and the instinctive feeling of mankind protest. We cling to the belief that there are those who do, in a peculiar and especial manner, influence the course of events and the tendency of thought; whose lives and labours are epochs in history, and are not merely the starting points, but the springs, of fresh political and social developments. Mr. Cobden was such a man. He did much, but his life was even greater than his works. He abolished the corn laws and negotiated the treaty of commerce with France, but neither of these achievements—great as they were—would have led to the foundation of the Cobden Club. A statue in Westminster Abbey, with a suitable inscription, would have been, perhaps an inadequate, but still the appropriate method of commemorating great services, and recording the national gratitude for beneficent deeds. To remember the past, and to recognise what is accomplished, are not, however, enough in the case of one like Mr. Cobden, whose influence is still a living and pervading influence in the political world. He died too soon, but he did not leave us until he had impressed his own tone—his habits of thought and feeling—upon the age. More than any one who has recently gone from us—more than any one now living—he was a representative man; and it is a perception of that fact which has caused the formation of an association which will not only do honour to his memory, but will contribute to uphold and to extend the application of the principles which he held dear. The institution of a club, primarily of a convivial character, for this purpose, may seem rather an odd way of doing honour to a deceased statesman, but it is strictly consistent with our national manners, and with the precedent of the Fox and Pitt Clubs. We may be permitted to express the hope that it will be on a somewhat more popular and less exclusive character than the first of these bodies, which has been little more than a mere coterie of Brookes's; and that it will not be remarkable, like the latter, for devotion to principles the very opposite of

those which were held by the great man from whom it took its name. The Pittites who railed against Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and Free Trade, will, we trust, have no imitators in Cobdenites advocating extravagance, boiling over with warlike enthusiasm, or clamouring for a return to protection. But we need have no fear on that score, for while Fox and Pitt both died without accomplishing the best part of that which they desired to do, it was Mr. Cobden's happy fate to live long enough to place his great work beyond the reach of attack, and to see his ideas take deep root not only in England, but in foreign countries.

Nothing could have been more eloquent or more happily expressed than the speech in which Mr. Gladstone proposed the toast of the evening. Justice, but no more than justice, was done to Mr. Cobden's remarkable qualities, both of heart and mind; nor will any one question his claim to the high place which he was assigned amongst the benefactors of mankind. There was a very unusual unity and completeness about Mr. Cobden's life, character, and opinions—and to this we may attribute, in great measure, the influence which he obtained. He advocated large, broad, and generous principles; and was himself a large, broad, and generous man. He had rare tolerance for those who held opposite opinions, and it was something far higher than policy which made him habitually courteous and respectful towards his opponents. It was never his habit to say or to imply that all who differed from him must be either fools or knaves. His earnestness was deep and thorough; but being the earnestness of moral conviction, and not of passion, it made its way without giving offence or exciting antagonism. No man ever before fought such a fight as that seven years' battle of the Anti-Corn League, and left off without making an enemy. The aims and the motives of other popular leaders might be suspected, or might at any rate lie open to imputation of being mingled with a coarse alloy. But, where he was known, no one ever fancied for a moment that Mr. Cobden desired anything but the public good. It was his lot to attack the monopoly of a class, but, while many who acted with him so conducted themselves as to warrant the taunt that one of their objects was the humiliation and mortification of that class, he made it a conspicuous and indeed a capital part of his case that the monopoly was no less injurious to those who enjoyed it than to the body of the nation. Claiming equal rights for all, he did it so that every one felt he was acting in what he believed to be the common interest. He not only saw as an abstract truth that, properly understood, there was no such thing as a national antagonism between different classes or countries, but he took in the moral bearings of this fact, and made them evident to mankind. With great justice, as it seems to us, Mr. Gladstone selected as one of the most striking parts of Mr. Cobden's work and mission, that he both perceived himself and taught us to perceive the true moral meaning of trade between nation and nation. "He showed that trade was not only a law of wealth and prosperity, but a law of friendship, a law of kindness amongst all nations, that every single transaction of which thousands upon thousands are at this moment going on between this country and any other country such as France, was a transaction forming, as it were, one single thread in a web of concord woven between people and people." This habit of regarding everything from the highest point of view did, in fact, colour every argument or opinion of Mr. Cobden's. Peace was not, in his eyes, the mere cessation from war. It was the interchange of good offices, the discharge of friendly duties, the realization of the great Christian idea that mankind are, in truth, but one family. Retrenchment, again, meant to him more than the saving of money. "Public expenditure not needed for the public wants was, in his eyes, a political injustice and a moral wrong." In this frame of mind—in this elevated and, so to speak, catholic conception of political questions—lies the peculiar value of Mr. Cobden's example. It is in having largely infused this spirit into his contemporaries that the permanent influence of Mr. Cobden consists; and it is this which renders peculiarly appropriate the formation of a club which may serve as the rallying point for those who devote themselves to carrying on his work.

That Mr. Cobden's influence has penetrated into quarters where its power is least suspected, can scarcely be disputed by any one who has read the recent speeches of members of the present Government on foreign policy. Even Lord Derby has become something very like a convert to the doctrine of non-intervention, which used to be mentioned in Conservative quarters only to be overwhelmed with contempt. General Peel goes in one sense further than his chief; but his love of non-intervention is not that which animated Mr. Cobden. The gallant Secretary of War has simply the insular indifference of a Briton to the fate of foreigners; he does not like our

spending blood and money on the grounds of people whom he does not in the least care for. Lord Stanley approaches much more nearly the spirit of his master when he deprecates the idea of anything like selfish isolation on our part, but justifies our abstinence from material interference on the Continent, by a regard to the more important duties which we have to perform elsewhere. But with whatever modifications, and however imperfectly, it is tolerably plain that all these distinguished men are repeating the lesson they have learnt from the late member for Stockport. If Mr. Cobden has been so successful in converting Conservatives to his views, it is not surprising that Liberals should regard his memory and his teachings with affectionate veneration, and should take them as the basis of a new political organization. There is ample room for this. It is impossible not to see that old party distinctions and connections are in a great degree worn out. Toryism only lingers in the old country houses of England, just as Jacobite opinions did in the last century. When Earl Russell dies we shall have very little more of the Whigs. Indeed, it is so evident that we are passing through a transition stage, that there is a general demand for a new distribution of parties, formed on broader bases, and directed to more definite aims than is the case with those which now exist. Morning and evening, for the last few months, the Conservative organs have been inviting the Whigs to join in the formation of a grand constitutional combination to stem the tide of democracy. From week to week the representatives of "culture" and "thoughtfulness" have insisted on the propriety of drawing closer together all who fear the swamping of intelligence and education by numbers and ignorance. Well, for our own parts, we are ready to acknowledge that there is an opening for both these competitors for public favour. They are both real, in this sense, that they represent the actual opinions, feelings, wishes, and prejudices of a great number of the people. But, admitting this, we should be sorry if it were not also true that there is as wide an opening—an equally general and a yet more extensive demand—for another party, in most important respects the opposite of those which we have just mentioned. And if such a party be formed—eager and watchful to promote improvement, not distrusting the mass of Englishmen, but confiding in them, and seeking to draw all classes together by participation in common rights, the advocates of economy at home and of peace abroad, the champions of justice and right as opposed to narrow maxims and worn-out traditions—what name can be more properly inscribed on their banners than that of Cobden? We hope and believe that the new club will do more than dine and drink toasts. It may, and we trust it will, serve as the nucleus around which may form the scattered elements of a really earnest and comprehensive Liberal party.

THE AFFAIRS OF INDIA.

WE can scarcely agree with the eulogists of Lord Cranborne last week as to the supposed ability he displayed, in making his first financial statement as the new Secretary of State for India. It may have been clever enough as a hasty version of facts and figures, with which the noble lord had doubtless been crammed in his office; but it is not very creditable to a great party that the most available man they had for the government of a great empire—for that is what the Indian Secretaryship really means—should have been destitute of all previous knowledge of his subject. Everything must wait till he gets it up, and after all his judgment for months, if he should continue in office, must be perfunctory and inadequate, since no amount of diligence can supply the place of that thorough familiarity with the business we are entitled to expect.

Lord Cranborne's speech supplied more than one illustration of the mischief of his own appointment. Even in the small matter of figures he was not quite posted up, for it could only have been ignorance which led him to stumble on the threshold and do injustice to a much abused public servant, who had faults enough, but certainly had also some considerable merits as an Indian financier. Lord Cranborne's charges against Sir C. Trevelyan of having miscalculated the budgets of 1864-65 and 1865-66 are both exaggerated. He tells us as to the first of these years that the gross revenue was £45,653,000, and the gross expenditure £45,846,000, the result being a deficit of £193,000; and as Sir Charles Trevelyan, he says, expected a surplus of £823,000, that amount added to the deficit showed that he miscalculated to the extent of £1,000,000. Now we submit that this method, if rough and ready, is a very erroneous and unjust way of going to work. A finance minister's responsibility in regard to expenditure is by no means the same as it is in regard to revenue. The latter he is

expected to watch and anticipate accurately, but the expenditure is the business of the various departments. He can only take their estimates to start with, and if these are afterwards exceeded it is the fault of other members of the Government, not his. Clearly then Lord Cranborne should have inquired how far the difference between the result and the estimate arose from revenue, and how far from expenditure, before he accused Sir Charles Trevelyan of being wrong in his calculations. The result we find is that the miscalculation as to revenue was not one million, but only half a million—the estimate being £46,164,000, and the result £45,653,000. If the expenditure had been kept at the estimated figure—£45,340,000—there would still have been a surplus, but it rose as above stated to £45,846,000, and for this other miscalculation of half a million, converting the surplus into a deficit, Sir Charles Trevelyan was in no way responsible. Lord Cranborne went on to say that, in 1865-66, Sir C. Trevelyan again miscalculated, obtaining £675,000 more than he estimated. Setting aside the fact, which Lord Cranborne here overlooks, that we are not yet dealing with the actual result of the year, but only with an amended estimate—the result for eight months, and an estimate for the remaining four—we find that the facts do not bear out his assertion. Sir C. Trevelyan's budget estimate of revenue was £46,879,000, and the amended or "regular" estimate, as it is called, is £47,042,000—a difference of only £163,000, which is all the miscalculation attributable to Sir C. Trevelyan. Of course, if we look into the accounts we notice considerable differences in the estimates and results on particular items; but that only shows the very fluctuating nature of Indian revenue, while it remains true that Sir C. Trevelyan, in spite of all fluctuations, came quite as near the mark as can be expected, when so large a revenue has to be dealt with. With mistakes in the expenditure department, we repeat, he had nothing to do; and to take a very obvious illustration we should not recommend Mr. Disraeli next year to charge Mr. Gladstone with miscalculation in his last budget, because since he left office another ministry has chosen to spend half a million more than he intended.

It would be tedious to follow Lord Cranborne through his long disquisitions on the sources of Indian revenue. He was set right by Mr. Laing in regard to opium, which, though it has fluctuated, is by no means an uncertain source of revenue, or at all likely to disappear very soon or very suddenly. Lord Cranborne was fain to admit that he was by no means a judge on the question, which Mr. Laing undoubtedly is. Mr. Laing also showed very clearly the regular progress which the revenue had made, at the rate of a million annually for several years, and that it possessed a real elasticity, which is a most hopeful feature in Indian finance, not surely to be glibly talked away by a responsible Minister, who happens to know nothing of his subject. But where the noble lord must be held to have made the grossest exhibition of incompetency was in the matter of public works—the very question most pressing for decision in India at the present time. He both exaggerated what was being done, and depreciated the urgency of what remains. It is quite true doubtless that, strictly looked into, the Indian accounts show a surplus every year, which we choose to spend on public works. But Lord Cranborne's comparison of the Indian Government to a landlord spending a seventh of his income on the improvement of his property is very misleading. That could only be true on the supposition that the six millions and upwards we spend this year on public works are really for the improvement of our property. Lord Cranborne has to admit that they are not, at least not all; but we think he is equally wrong in imagining that "probably" five millions are capital expenditure. The "probably," for any one in his position, is singularly out of place, when he might have given an approximation to the truth. From the way the accounts are kept it is only possible for an outsider to guess; but the state of the case seems to be this. The total entries in the current year's budget, including guaranteed interest on railways, are really £6,928,000—say seven millions. Of this rather more than a million goes for railways, two millions for new barracks, two millions for establishments, civil buildings, and repairs, leaving about two millions for "works of public improvement"; but even that sum, we believe, is over the mark. We know, at any rate, that the sum proposed to be spent in 1865-66 was considerably less than that; but allowing so much, it is but two instead of five millions spent on "improving our property," or say three, allowing what goes for railways to be capital expenditure, as it seems proper we should. Lord Cranborne can only be right as to the five millions if we add to these three the two millions for barracks, but there would be little warrant for doing so. The analogy of a landlord improving his property would scarcely apply to the case of

works almost indispensable for its preservation—in short, unavoidable expenditure. At any rate we should clearly understand how we are sinking our capital; and that, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, public works in India only receive an annual expenditure of about three millions, at the highest estimate.

Thinking we are doing so much, it was natural Lord Cranborne should believe we are doing very well. It was the one satisfactory feature of the discussion that nobody agreed with him. Mr. Laing, Mr. Stansfeld, Mr. Liddell, and Mr. J. B. Smith, all more or less acquainted with India, dwelt on the urgency of further public works, and adverted to the question of a loan to carry them out, which they generally approved of; Mr. Stansfeld only intimating that it should be connected with some financial scheme, which would add to the revenue of India and place it on a sound footing. The mischief is that Lord Cranborne has still to be enlightened on a point on which the Indian Government, and almost every public man connected with India, have quite made up their minds. He was ignorant enough to say, "It seemed to be imagined that if money were found public works would, of course, advance; but labour was not always to be had, for, large as the labour supply of India was, it had been taxed enormously, and in some places wages had been quadrupled." It is simply insulting to fling such stale facts and arguments at the Indian Government, who have pleaded so long for a loan. They are not likely to have overlooked these things, and if Lord Cranborne had read a despatch, dated 29th March last year, from the Government of India, and its accompanying memorandum, he would have seen that all their proposals were prepared with full foresight as to what could be profitably expended. Lord Halifax, we are informed, had agreed to the principle of a loan before he left office, and it may be hoped that not too much delay will elapse before Lord Cranborne is sufficiently schooled in the subject to make a similar admission. No one can look at the despatches of the Indian Government without seeing the urgency of the question. In spite of the large sum devoted to public works, the truth of the matter is, we have only been spending at the rate of a quarter of a million per annum on new works for irrigation and canals. All the time many parts of India are in perpetual danger of famine—a danger which would be almost wholly removed by a sufficient quantity of irrigation works. It is of vital consequence to our rule in India, let alone all considerations of duty and humanity, to extinguish such a danger, and by so doing attract to us the gratitude of many millions. The Indian Government, in these circumstances, have proposed a definite expenditure on new irrigation works within the next ten or fifteen years of about thirty millions, part of which may be provided for out of revenue, but whatever is not so provided to be raised by loan. It is quite possible the revenue may grow so as to be sufficient for all, and new sources of revenue may be devised; but what is wanted is a security against the stoppage of works through the fluctuations of revenue. Such stoppages not only retard works which are very urgent, but make them more expensive. The authority to borrow money from year to year when necessary is all that is asked; and Sir James Fergusson is altogether at sea in saying that no loan of £20,000,000 was likely to be sanctioned, seeing that a loan of £20,000,000 is not exactly the proposition of the Indian Government. The proposal is every way ably supported by ample details as to the disposal of the money, propositions as to the accounts to be kept, and regulations for increasing the engineering staff. It is a reproach to the Home Government, that in face of the crying necessities of India it does not appear to have yet been approved of, and irrigation, or as we may say famine-prevention works, continue at a stand-still. We should hope, for the credit of our rule in India, a measure which is demanded not only by the Indian Government, but by the whole force of public opinion in India, will not long be delayed. The grand financial scheme Mr. Stansfeld hints at might very well come after; what requires to be impressed on the official mind is, that the work must be done at all hazards, and, above all, done quickly.

MORGANATIC MARRIAGES.

THE political changes now in rapid progress in Germany cannot fail to produce other changes of a social kind; amongst which it will certainly be very surprising if the peculiar privileges of sovereign houses in the matter of marriage do not altogether disappear. There is something in the alliances known as "morganatic," or left-handed, which revolts the moral sense of civilized mankind, and the degradation of the female party which such an arrangement involves, would

never have long been tolerated in any country where the marriage contract, among all classes, was habitually regarded as a permanent engagement. But the princes of Germany, even at the time when the Papal authority was universally acknowledged, were always a little fractious as spouses, and the very curious case of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, which occurred shortly after the Reformation, established a precedent of which other princes were not reluctant to avail themselves when, in the first place, the Church ceased to be the supreme authority in matrimonial questions, and when, in the second place, the State, which gave the law in those cases as in every other, was simply the will of the prince himself, acting in virtue of what he called his "spiritual power." Philip had been married for sixteen years to Christina of Saxony, and was the father of eight children, when the impossibility of taking the Landgravine about with him to all the Diets of the Empire and of his own States, accompanied, as she should necessarily be, by a train of Court ladies and lacqueys, suggested to him the expedient of providing himself with a supplementary and, as it were, a travelling wife, whose society would be a comfort to him on such occasions. The lady he selected for this purpose was Margaret von der Sahl, one of the maids of honour of his sister Elizabeth, and it is a sad but ascertained fact that this bigamous alliance was formally sanctioned not only by six Hessian theologians, but also by Luther, Bucer, and Melancthon. Some princes have inverted the order followed by Philip; they have begun with the plebeian or work-a-day wife, and then have taken another to share their rank and state; and, indeed, in most cases, they have had the grace to be off with the old love before they were on with the new. But the readiness of German princesses to accept the right hand of one who had previously given his left hand to another woman, has, in time, reacted unfavourably on their own illustrious order; and they have been unceremoniously divorced for little or no reason, as soon as their spouses felt inclined to take up with somebody else. The late kings of Denmark and Wurtemberg were remarkable for their proceedings in this way.

Matrimonium nobilitat mulierem was the maxim of the old civil law, and if King Cophetua thought proper to marry a beggar-maid, she would be none the less a queen. This is evidently the right and proper principle, and recognises the equality of the relations between man and wife. There is, in most countries, even a propensity to interpret such a maxim liberally in the woman's favour. When a widowed duchess marries a plain "Mr.," she still retains her title, even though she had not originally been of a higher rank than her second husband. In the same way, no one speaks of Queen Christina as Madam Munoz, or of the Duchess of Genoa as Marchioness Rapallo. But it is certainly unaccountable to us how an English lady, the daughter of a duke, when she gave her hand to a son of the sovereign of a small Saxon duchy (in fact, the real original Pumper-nickle), could have consented, or been permitted by her family, to assume a less honourable name than her husband's. If the pretensions of those microscopic princelings were admitted in such a case, it is no wonder that they are so unquestioningly recognised in their own territories. For the lady in question is either his serene highness's wife or she is not. By English law, of course, the marriage is valid; but in that case the wife has a right to bear her husband's name. In Germany, however, and we are sorry to add at the British Court, it is merely considered a morganatic marriage—dissoluble, that is, whenever the serenity in question should think proper to mate himself with one of his own sublime rank. Then a morganatic marriage is simply no marriage at all, for it gives the woman neither the security of a permanent contract nor the civil position of a wife. To accompany such an engagement with a religious ceremony is nothing short of desecration. The feminine scruples which a rite that is a mockery are sufficient to allay do not seem entitled to much respect.

Whether it is that they prefer the comparative lightness of the tie, or that ladies of their own rank are comparatively unattractive, the fact is certain that a great number of German princes, even at the present day, have contracted morganatic marriages. To begin with Prussia, as the first chop, we find Prince Albert, the King's brother, who divorced his wife, the Princess Marianne of the Netherlands, in 1849, remarried morganatically, in 1853, to Rosalie, Countess of Hohenau; and Prince Adalbert, the King's cousin, and Admiral-in-Chief of the Prussian Navy, married to Fanny Ellsler's sister Theresa, who thereupon became Baroness von Barnim. The Elector of Hesse, now in durance at Stettin, is married to a lady whom however, he plainly calls his wife, though she is not called Electress, his issue being known as Princes and Princesses of

Hanau, which is the name of his family. Prince Alexander of Hesse-Darmstadt is married to the Countess Julia von Hauke, who is called Princess of Battenberg, her children being Princes and Princesses of that ilk. The Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg was married to the Countess Rheday de Kis-Rhéde, who took the name of Countess of Hohenstein, by which her children were known, until a Royal decree, in 1863, raised her son and her eldest daughter to princely rank, with the title of Teck. Her younger daughter did not share in this good fortune, having made the mistake of marrying Baron von Hugel, a retired captain of cavalry in the Austrian service. Prince Louis of Bavaria, brother of the Empress of Austria and the ex-Queen of Naples, is married to the Baroness von Wallersee, but, as the engagement is necessarily permanent in his case, he has been obliged to renounce his rights of succession in favour of his younger brother, Prince Charles. This is rather a hard case, but is in conformity with the Austrian precedent of the late Archduke John, who married the daughter of the postmaster of Aussee, called afterwards Countess of Meran, which title descends to her children. Another Catholic prince, Leopold of Coburg-Kohary, has married a lady who is called Baroness von Ruttenstein. This was a bad match for a Coburg to make—a very bad match for one whose cousin married the Queen of England, whose brother married the Queen of Portugal, and who was himself proposed by England as a candidate for the hand of the Queen of Spain; the worst match, in fact, that any Coburg has made in our time, possibly with one exception.

When we consider all these things, we do not wonder that there are a great many Republicans in Germany, nor do we feel much pity for the fate of so many kingkins and princelings who are now threatened with hopeless mediatisation. That will very speedily bring their nobles down to ninepence; will make them very thankful to share their name with any honest woman who consents to wed them; will make them regard those who are not descended from so long a line of fame-preservers and men-oppressors as, perhaps, after all, of not quite a different species from their most high-born selves. It will be impossible in the not distant future for any Prince Philander, of Silber-Groschen, to play fast and loose with a woman's faith, and turn adrift the partner of his poverty, when some silly foreign princess offers to make a great man of him. The question is not without some interest for the British tax-payer, too; for when all those princely paupers with whom the children of our Royal family have been accustomed to ally themselves are reduced to the condition of subjects, their nominal rank will not be greater than that of our noble houses; and it will be an incalculable saving to the British exchequer when our young Princes and Princesses are brought to marry into the great and wealthy families of England instead of importing their spouses from Germany. Baulked of this profitable field of adventure, we shall perhaps find those speculative foreigners, if they are able to visit this country at all, thankful to come in the position of valets and gamekeepers to our Dukes of Devonshire, our Marquises of Westminster, and our Earls of Derby; or, if the hereditary love of a uniform is not to be extinguished in their bosoms, that of a railway-guard is sufficiently becoming.

DOCTORS AND BOGY DOCTORS.

BESIDES the noisome quacks who are allowed to offer their trash in terms of rank impurity, there are a set of men who have lately invaded the province of medicine who are just as dangerous, though not quite so unpleasant. Those fellows sometimes are heirs to a pill, and sometimes the inventors of an ointment, but recently their line has been the puffing of a curative agent which operates with a display of science surgically. It is curious, indeed, how people can yet be imposed upon by dodges as flagrant as Mesmer's tubs and magic chains, and that the world is not wise enough in its generation to discover the medical Jack Pudding who feeds upon the health and pockets of featherless bipeds.

"Nobody but a fool will buy that," remarked a shopman to the originator of a patent humbug. "Yes," returned the originator, "but I only want the fools—you can have the wise." The boggy doctors spread the nets for fools, and the fools come in flocks. Occasionally a desperate victim signals his distress in print, but usually the "doctor" squeezes him quietly and effectively until he is drained simultaneously of blood and money.

We are the more anxious to call attention to these fellows now that the cholera is reported to be amongst us. They are certain to increase as it increases, and to batten on the

epidemic as foul birds do on a war-field. The faculty should spare no pains to root and cast them out. We even think if the law apportioned a taste of the whip to the delinquents, as in the case of the garotters, that the community would be benefited. Really, persons who are taken in by them should be protected from suicide; they are not fit to have charge of themselves, but that is no reason why they should be at the mercy of the vultures. Within the last month, we have seen a young lady thrown into a miserable plight of terror by a pamphlet on consumption which unfortunately fell into her hands. This was a pure specimen of the bogy literature to which we advert. Reciting a series of symptoms, and ascribing fatal consequences to the most trifling of them, the thing went on, of course, to say that your only chance was in using the author's contrivance, which we do not mention for fear of identifying it. It is a fatal coincidence that persons of susceptible and delicate organizations are the first to study and brood over these disgusting productions, for disgusting they are when you detect in every page the unconscionable trickster who trades on the fears and hopes of a poor invalid, who in his heart understands to the fullest extent the dirty crime of which he is guilty.

We confess we cannot quite discharge the medical faculty from blame in this connection—either they are torpid in prosecuting, or they are callous to the evil. Another source of encouragement to the bogy doctor assuredly is the very uncertain and undefined condition of medicine as a science. If doctors, and the very best doctors, often differ as to the employment of apparently the simplest medicine in pharmacy, what are the patients to conclude? We are warned off medical works and physiological treatises; but if the reader has ever dipped into the latter, for instance, it is impossible not to be struck with the singular diversity of opinions in matters of vital—literally vital—moment to the world of sick. There is scarce a bone in the body which is not a bone of contention to doctors. If you find one agreeing with another in the nerves, they are sure to contradict each other in the muscles, and as for the brain and spinal marrow, they are commented on as speculatively as if they were subjects of mere casuistry, the writers walking round them in a way which reminds you of the endless vexed questions of mediæval philosophy. There is a dangerous want of consent and unanimity among doctors. A few years ago, a congress was held at Bristol, and if we do not mistake there was war to the scalping-knife among the surgeons, and even the attempt to throw castor-oil upon the troubled waters of the debate was objected on principle by a number of gentlemen who did not believe in castor-oil. We thought until then that castor-oil was an article of medical faith. The College of Surgeons and Physicians ought to represent academies, that is, ought to promulgate distinctly and clearly the discoveries and progress of the profession, and record the numberless experiments and transactions whose sum should furnish at least a few canons to guide the working staff. There must be an improvement since pigs were dissected at Salerno, and since Sangrado practised in Spain; but strange enough we manage to die now as our forefathers did then, and allowing for the rough chances of their lives, and the modern system of sewage, we cannot ascribe much credit to our physicians. This is the prime cause of the bogy doctors, they are excrescences upon the body of the faculty. We often do not resort to them until we have swallowed quarts of legitimate physic, and are none the better of it. However there is one advantage in the new dispensary: we are not drenched with medicine as formerly; we are left more to Nature. But is not this a confession of weakness on the part of the doctor; people become dead as naturally as possible without him, and to our minds he ought by this to do something more than to look on as a bottle-holder to Nature. Then again we perceive our clever and most useful contemporary the *Lancet* week after week surprising us with novel panaceas, which are only panaceas for a fortnight. A doctor writes to say that ice placed along the back is a certain cure for cholera, well a patient is iced accordingly, and still the cholera will not slacken its terrible grip. We admit that if only one life was saved by this means, the publication of it would be a thousand times repaid; but we have our doubts when we find a denial of the effect or variations in the effect, and must consider the cure as an accident rather than a victory. All this to some extent is a hint to the bogy doctor. He polishes up his brass plates, or whatever other engine he has devised to make a fortune by, and announces that he too, or he alone, can overcome disease. He casts about for a congenial newspaper to blow his trumpet in, and we regret to say he finds very little difficulty in buying one. Could there not be a system under the law by which copies of those advertisements and pamphlets should be first

submitted to the chief medical colleges, and their publication be subjected to the approval of those colleges? We would suggest the advocacy of such a plan to the *Lancet*. We have a high respect for doctors. As a body there are none more worthy of honour and regard, and none who bring more ability to their calling; but we have cause for complaint in their want of certainty. There is of course a kind of certainty which we should deprecate, still there must be a hitch where the essential differences gape so widely. If they were better knitted the faculty would not appear with a limping unreadiness when invited to meet a threatened epidemic, and the bogy doctors would be driven to some other kind of pocket-picking than that which they now find so profitable.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

THE long desired telegraphic communication with America has at last assumed the aspect of an accomplished fact. The *Great Eastern* this year is a triumphant success. She has carried the telegraph cable in safety over all the dangerous places of its Atlantic bed, and now, less than 80 miles from land and in comparatively shallow water, she is steaming her course for Heart's Content Bay, in Newfoundland. No difficulty lies henceforth before her greater than could attend laying a cable under the most ordinary circumstances. The electricians at Valentia, whom few would venture to accuse of hastiness in arriving at a conclusion, are in an ecstacy of delight, and confident as to the final result. Day and night they have closely and anxiously watched the ray of light flashing thoughts from the Atlantic into their darkened room over Foilhommerhum Bay; and now the strain of anxiety is changed into an outburst of joy. The great ship has passed from over the fatal depths of 2,400 fathoms to the ascending submarine slopes of the American continent; she has deposited her charge along these slopes, and is now in 130 fathoms sounding putting an end to all doubt as to the result of the part she had to perform in the great undertaking. Nothing but an accident wholly unprecedented and most unlikely to happen can bar the way to a successful completion of the undertaking, followed by a general ovation in the Old and New Worlds, and a mutual interchange of messages of peace and good-will.

Assuming, then, telegraphic communication with our American cousins to be henceforth an established institution, there are few, we think, who will look either in a scientific or a commercial view altogether unfavourably on the failure of the former expeditions. The truth is we have now a more advanced science of ocean telegraphy, a better cable, and better telegraphing instruments than we should have had had success come earlier. The price paid has been enormous, but the advantages gained are not less so. Failures are the steps of the ladder by which science climbs to perfection in its methods and applications—a truth of which the Atlantic telegraph affords one of the best exemplifications. Had the successfully-laid cable of 1858 continued a success and been in use to this day, we may be certain that the science of ocean telegraphy would not now have reached the perfection to which it has attained. Communication with America once established, it is far more likely that we should have remained content with an inferior cable, inferior instruments, and inferior science, as we were with the rotten telegraph posts which were prostrated throughout the country by the storms of last winter. Even last year's failure has done good. The new cable is better than the one which broke on that occasion, constructed much on the same principle, but of better materials and with better insulation. But by far the greatest improvements introduced this year are Mr. Thomson's new instruments for transmitting and receiving the messages, and the system of numeral signals invented by Captain Bolton. So rapid is the transmission of messages by this new code, that, as compared to that in previous use, one cable can do the work of two. The peculiar advantage of Mr. Thomson's invention is, that for its use it does not require that the insulation of the cable should be perfect. There may be faults; so much as a foot in length of the copper conductor may be stripped and come in contact with the water and earth on the sea-bottom, and yet messages can still be transmitted: not so quickly or as clearly as with a perfect cable, but yet sufficiently strong to be legible. The fact was proved beyond doubt while the *Great Eastern* still lay at Sheerness. Out of a length of 1,700 miles of cable on board, a coil was taken from the centre, and the copper conductor, being stripped for the length of a foot, it was let down over the vessel's side into the water until it touched the ground. The tests were then applied to the two ends, and the clearest signals were sent through notwithstanding the defective

insulation. So great is the advantage of this instrument, that, were the cable of 1858 now lying in continuous length between Valentia and Newfoundland, messages could still be sent through it. In fact, between Captain Bolton's code and Mr. Thomson's instrument this cable could be made available for as rapid a transmission of messages as was originally calculated for it. This year's cable, however, is perfect as to its insulation; and, should that of last year be recovered and completed to Newfoundland, there will be practically as good as four cables at work between the two Worlds.

To this perfect insulation must, in the first place, be attributed the rapid and uninterrupted success of the present expedition. It has dispensed with the picking-up process and all its delays and dangers. It will be remembered that three times in the attempt of last year a fault was payed out, and three times had the great ship to retrace her steps, hauling in the cable. Under any, even the most favourable circumstances, such an operation must be attended with extreme danger. There is not only the additional strain from friction caused by dragging a long rope through water, but also the risk of the whole strain being raised at any moment by a sudden lurch of the ship to such an intensity that the cable must break. Also, there is the danger of the ship fouling the cable by being urged forward faster than it can be picked up, or by her dragging too tightly on it by being driven, broadside to the wind, across its course. The latter, it will be remembered, was what happened last year when the cable got entangled with the hawse hole, and from the damage it there received, snapped, bringing the expedition to a disastrous end. Had there been perfect insulation on that occasion, there would have been no faults payed out, no picking up, and no consequent fouling and breaking; and, most probably, the Atlantic telegraph would have been laid as successfully as it is now this year.

But even had there been faults of insulation in the new cable, the Telegraph Company was well prepared to contend with them successfully. The picking-up apparatus which broke down last year was replaced by a new one fitted for any emergency. By means of an ingenious self-acting dynamometer invented by Mr. Fleming Jenkin, the strain on the cable either in hauling in or paying out can be so regulated that it cannot possibly reach the point of danger. The limit, for instance, agreed on, not to be exceeded in paying out being three tons, as soon as that is reached the dynamometer ceases to act, and the cable runs out freely. So, likewise, in picking up, the limiting strain being fixed at six tons, so soon as that is attained, the machine reverses its action, and pays out instead of hauling in. The safety with which both these operations can be carried on by the aid of this instrument becomes evident when it is mentioned that the contract strain which the cable is made to endure is twelve tons. It can bear, in fact, the weight of twelve miles of itself hanging vertically from the bow or stern of a ship in any ocean of that depth, or double the extreme hauling-in strain.

But here the improvements made since last year in the *Great Eastern* herself come in to perfect the picking-up process, and reduce its risk almost to nothing. There is now no ship in the world that can be handled with greater ease than the *Great Eastern*, propelled or backed, kept stationary and yet all the while steered, or turned round on her centre as on a pivot. She is the only one that has both paddles and screw; and so, by driving her forward by the latter while the former are reversed, she can be kept stationary, and yet have steerage way on by means of the lash of the water from the screw against the rudder. The great value of this double moving power in the management of the ship was remarkably illustrated on her late voyage down the Thames from Sheerness. As she neared the Nore Breaks, the densely muddy water raised from the river bed by the paddles showed that the tide was as yet too low for her to attempt to cross those shallows. The paddles and screw were accordingly driven in opposite directions, and so in a very narrow space and dangerous position she was kept floating over one spot with hardly three feet of water under her keel until the rising tide enabled her to resume her voyage. This double power, of course, the *Great Eastern* always had, but not so perfect as it has been made by some late improvements. But the greatest of all the improvements that have been introduced is one by which, in a space of less than four minutes, the action of her paddles may be so set that they shall work in opposite directions. By this arrangement the big ship may be turned round within her own length with almost the ease that a boat can be whirled round by reversing the action of one of its oars. It is needless to mention the great advantages which this, combined with the double action of screw and paddle, and the use of the new dynamometer, must confer on a ship that has to attempt the

picking-up of a cable. In fact, "picking up" by these aids is rendered almost as safe as "paying out."

But we congratulate the Atlantic Telegraph Company that they have not been so far obliged to call in these reserves to their aid, and that their operations have been altogether confined to paying out. It is true, they have also been paying out their capital; but as to that, we sincerely hope that the Company's work may henceforth be pure hauling in and picking up gold in abundance from the Atlantic bottoms. The success of their undertaking is virtually complete; and, even should the cable by any misadventure now break, the accident could not prevent final success. In the shallow sea in which the *Great Eastern* now steams, the broken end could without either difficulty or delay be taken up by the grapnels she carries, and the work be completed. The cable of last year was raised 1,000 fathoms from the bottom; how much more easily may not the same be done where she is in little more than a hundred. Before these lines appear in print the great ship will have entered Trinity Bay, and left to others the completion of her work by the laying of the Newfoundland shore end. Then once more her head turns to the deep Atlantic soundings to search, as we trust, with success, for the cable of last year. May fortune and skill favour her in the arduous enterprise, and before another month may another success be announced in the connection of the two continents by a second cable. Curious it is that the two great conceptions of modern science—a monster ship and a monster telegraph cable—over which the depressing cloud of failure has so long hung, should each simultaneously become a great success.

THE SEA-SIDE.

Who was it who first calumniated the ocean when maundering about the *sad* sea wave? The sea is not sad, all it has in common with tears is salt. We speak of the sea by the shore, where the waters are shallow, where shrimps are netted, and where people go to bathe. To shout lustily in hard weather, to fire fusillades along the beach when the days are calm, to talk in a gossiping way to itself during the night, this is what the sea does. The sea can play with a child, chasing it up the beach, and whelming the mimic fortress erected on the sand. The sea may perform epic poetry five miles from land, but on the coast in summer time it is purely idyllic. It is the health-giver, the life-restorer, to thousands. We should not for a moment compare it with mineral waters as a hygienic agent. Those waters were an imposition. The city of King Bladud flourished under the bauble of fashion, and not under the genuine "crown of wild olive." People went there to flirt, to intrigue, to find heiresses, to gamble, to behold the great Mr. Nash, and to pretend they were being cured of surfeits, mental and physical, by swallowing daily potations of the essence of "warm flat-irons." We believe they tubbed promiscuously in Bath, and in the end were rather unaffected in manners. We know for certain that Bath was deserted, and Cheltenham abandoned, but we have not heard who discovered sea-bathing. Whoever it was deserves almost as much credit as the man who invented sleep. It has become a necessity to our middle-class population, and has long been patronized by those above them. A time of the year arrives when the city gets dustier and fustier; when pavements are hot and meat distasteful; when one is tempted in chambers, or in an office, or in a study, to drink cool claret at lunch, or iced beer; when the inducements to idle are trebled; when the idleness is in the atmosphere, and in the law courts, where (as is generally understood) there is no atmosphere; when the judges are getting up, and blinds are down in May Fair houses, at that period sea-bathing commences. Torquay and Scarborough, Ramsgate, Wight, Llandudno, Hastings, and Brighton, all receive their annual visitors. Those visitors are not unexpected. The sea-side landlady (they are always ladies, the landlord subsiding into a boots or an accountant) has been often described. Whom does she procure to write her advertisements? How curious it is that the front as well as the rear and sides of the house "face the sea"! We remember reading or seeing an amusing illustration of this in a periodical where a gentleman discovered his "view of the sea" to be limited to the bowsprit of a vessel, with a sailor's shirt flaunting at the end of it. People imagine they never can get enough of the sea when they first arrive, and stroll and lounge and sniff for hours on the sands. The next stage is the reading stage. This may be compared to the season of an engagement when lovers talk, and are tired of the eloquence of looks. Reading by the sea is one of the pleasantest pastimes in the world; reading in a boat is not so agreeable, being provocative of a malady recently commented on in this journal. We have known persons who were equal

to sandwiches half melted in the sun, and to lukewarm sherry, succumb under a few chapters of —. Nor should one read immediately after coming out of the water.

If bathing is properly done, it induces a delicious sleepiness and languor in which a man should only be fit for his breakfast, a cigar, or a siesta. Novels are a profanation at such a moment and a disturbance. The golden rule of bathing is to remain in but a short time. We do not believe in long swims, though every one should know how to swim. Persons of the Banting order can afford a lengthened stay, but ordinary furnished individuals should be content with a plunge and just fifty or a hundred yards of natation. This especially as the unseemly custom of naked bathing exists amongst us. The savagery of that practice is beyond measure disgraceful. It has been written about over and over again, but it still continues to a great extent. At Llandudno considerable advances have been made, and bathing is more civilized there than in any other place we are aware of. The ladies mostly adopt the French costume, which is such an improvement on the non-descript bag in which they elsewhere deck themselves. This bag is often indiscreet and does not serve its purpose, it is always hideous, especially when surmounted with an oil-skin fool's-cap and seen in conjunction with a Bedlamite gamut of antics. The ladies should universally patronize the Continental fashion for the sea. They would thus disappoint the telescopes of the snobs, they could indulge in some exercise without appearing idiotic or galvanized, and they might feel as secure as if they wore a riding-habit. What ought to be done to the Peeping Toms? What genuine clowns at heart those creatures are, and how utterly despicable! Until there is a reform in our sea-bathing, it will be impossible to get rid of them. Of course you could never teach the fellows manners any more than you could extort from them the slightest indication of brains; but by removing the occasion of their amusement you would remove the amusement itself. Then Peeping Tom should resort to gossip with his set, and to endless smoking of a short pipe, dressing in domino patterns, and fuddling his vacant head. The sea brings out a snob in all the strength, or weakness, of his snobbery. It makes him show his real nature. It induces him to be loudly and assertively asinine. He is the prey of the boatmen. He startles the boarding-house breakfast table by appearing in the costume of the original jolly young waterman. He is for a sail, he says, in an off-hand manner. On board the *Neptune* (pronounced *Nepsh'n*) is a boy at the tiller who grins when the waves yaw. The boy is not deceived by the jolly young waterman. What eventually happens he could have foretold the first moment he saw the wardrobe sailor. The snob spoils half the pleasure of sea-bathing; the animal is more irritating than amusing. Nor do we enjoy German bands with their guttural waltzes, and limping galopes, invading the music of the sea, and turning its glorious tune into an accompaniment to their spavined performances. Vulgarity is never more glaringly vulgar than where nature is beautiful, therefore what shall we write of Ethiopian serenaders on the shore? To hear these lamp-black pretenders quavering their nonsense in such a situation is positively distressing. Children, on the whole, taking them for all in all, are not so bad as they are reported. Give them a shovel and a diminutive barrow, leave them to their own devices, and there is an end of the trouble. We should not care to have the lodging, the management, and the surroundings of them, but the most fastidious will not be hurt by looking at them. Besides it is a pleasure to see the colour coming day by day into the cheeks of a city child, and to find the rickety, nervous little creature sprout, after a few dips, into a chubby, cheery rascal, who makes a sly acquaintance with you, and perhaps after a time invites you to assist in wheeling the inevitable barrow while he throws in a tremendous load, two pounds or so, of sand.

Pier promenades are to be avoided, and so are subscription balls. Nor should we recommend dabbling among the rocks for common objects, for abnormal crabs, who endeavour to scuttle off from you in a pitifully awkward fashion, for sulky anemones who will only star at intervals, and for dank sea mosses. Nor should one spoon at the sea-side: it interferes with placidity. Smoking may be indulged in moderately, and newspapers. Do not write to your friends, to your clerk, to your steward, or to the editor of anything. Devote yourself sincerely to bathing in the most advantageous way. Athletics beyond an occasional oar, do not recompense for the labour; you may have a dumb-bell, however, before breakfast. If there is a theatre, concert-hall, an electro-biologist, a juggler, a reader, a reciter, or a lecturer, do not dream of attending them. Watering-place amusements of the show kind are invariably

poor, and to sit of an August evening among a perspiring crowd while Hanky Panky operates on a hat (which is the red-hot poker of his calling), is enough to charge the spirits with melancholy for a week. Keep as much as you can by the sea until you find it companionable, and you will rise after a time to the accomplishment of being perfectly idle with pleasure and profit to yourself. Learn how to lie on the shingle (a camp stool is effeminate and cumbersome): observation may teach you the softest stones. Learn how the tide looks in the morning before sunrise, stretching out wide and grey, the waters flouncing and hissing on the sands, and the wet ribs of the beach as yet undried. There is a surprising variety of aspects about the sea, and to discover a novel one is a great deal more pleasant than excavating marine rubbish. It is not advisable to suggest further. As Eliza says in "Table-talk," "this is the magnanimity of authorship, when a writer having a topic presented to him fruitful of beauties for common minds, waives his privilege, and trusts to the judicious few for understanding the reason of his abstinence." The sea is fruitful of beauties, but find them for yourself. It is fruitful of health—get as much of it as you can. Crustacea to our ignorant minds are not beautiful, nor is there much delectation in cuttle-fish monstrosities. We recommend bathing and lounging, lounging and bathing, and when the thermometer permits, bathing—at discretion. If our readers carry these recipes with them, they will perform the proper sea-side duties to their own satisfaction and pleasure, and to the emolument of the bathing-box proprietors.

THE COMPLETE SMASHER.

THE "Complete Letter-writer" may be known to some of our readers as a popular work that possesses the singular demerit of conveying a greater amount of utterly useless information in a smaller compass than any other publication. It effects this by providing numerous drafts of imaginary letters that might be written under various circumstances. Thus, in one page, a gentleman is instructed how he can most politely decline the loan of five pounds to a needy friend; in another, a little boy is told how he may write to a gentleman who has saved him from drowning; in another, a young gentleman who has been unpunctual in his habits, is informed how he may address a letter to his parents; in another, a young lady is shown how she may accept her friend's invitation to come and take tea in the arbour; in another, the unimaginative swain is taught how he may address the object of his affections in sufficiently explanatory terms to make her aware that he is tendering her the offer of his hand and heart; and in another, the young lady is directed how she may decline his proposal, owing to a prior engagement. Whether persons are ever so hard up for the thoughts that should breathe or the words that should burn in such letters, as to have recourse to a book of formulas to help them through their difficulty, is more than we can tell. We should imagine, however, that the formula, when sought, would fall as far short of the requirements of the case as would the prepared conversations in the phrase-book that has been carried to Paris by the Cockney tourist as his guide, counsellor, and friend. For when, being in France, like the man in Hood's verse, and not knowing the lingo, Mr. Benjamin Bowbell summons the "garsong," and desires to order dinner through the medium of his phrase-book, although he can boldly ask if he can have some mutton, some fish, some mustard, some cheese, some soup, some potatoes, and some bread, he is utterly confounded and lingually thrown on his beam-ends, if, instead of receiving the expected reply, "No; but you can have some beefsteaks, some pepper, some cabbage, some butter, some salmon, some bitter-beer, some brandy, and some salt," the native waiter pours forth a valuable catalogue of unknown condiments, to which Mr. Benjamin Bowbell can only reply by a Burleigh nod and a despairing "Wee!" Perhaps the phrase-book may have its use and the "Complete Letter-writer" its value; and the latter may be all very well as a book of reference in a terrible emergency and in isolated cases; but, we think, that it could scarcely be commended, like the advertising grocer's tea, as excellent and invaluable for daily and family use.

Although the ordinary writer and correspondent has thus had his wants and needs provided for by an extraordinary artifice, yet, the professional writer of critiques on literary productions has hitherto been left to his own independent resources for the wording of his verdict on the books of the season that are submitted to him for reviewing purposes. It will scarcely do for him to rest content with Sydney Smith's suggestion, and decline to read the book before he penned his

criticism upon it, on the ground that the perusal of it would prejudice him; for he must show by the internal evidence of his review that he has given a glance at the contents of the book, even if he has not taken the trouble to judge it honestly by perusing its every line. But, although, in these exacting days, a certain amount of labour is thus demanded from the critic, yet his task might be greatly lightened if some such manual as that of the "Complete Letter-writer" was compiled for his use and guidance. Thus, there might be formulas respectively for the lenient view, the tender-hearted, the condemnatory, the sneering, the supercilious, the damaging, the appreciative, and every other form that the literary review could assume; and these classifications might be further treated after the letter-writer model, with formulas given—"On reviewing an historical, geological, or other work, on a subject of which you are profoundly ignorant;" "On reviewing a book whose author is your intimate friend;" "On reviewing a book whose author is your bitterest enemy;" "On reviewing a book, the review of which you desire to make the vehicle for displaying your own knowledge;" "On reviewing a book which you heartily wish was at Jericho, either because you are suffering from tooth-ache, duns, or dyspepsia, or because you have to be at a picnic, croquet party, little dinner, or the opera by a given hour;" and other formulas of a like nature, which, until within these few years, might have been sufficient to satisfy all demands. But, of late, another kind of literary review has been hebdomadally supplied to the readers of two of our contemporaries, which could not, even by the feeblest punsters, be termed "weakly" organs of the press, seeing that they indulge in such very strong language. They have adopted a style of article, the formula for which in such a book as that we have just suggested would have to be described as "On writing a review which shall be a complete smasher;" the great end and object in such a review being to smash up the work reviewed to so complete a ruin that any particle of merit it may contain shall be utterly beaten out of shape, and its original proportions and purport so ruthlessly altered that its very author and creator cannot recognise it. And, although we cannot go so far as to assert that, at the weekly meetings of the staffs of the respective papers, the question is put from their president—"Whom shall we smash this week?" and that lots are then cast as to who shall be the wretched victim that shall be immolated and publicly tortured for the amusement of their patrons, yet, we can safely assert, that an ordinary query on taking up either of these journals—more particularly one of them, "specially Sambo,"—is, "Who is smashed this week?" So that, whatever may be the cause, the effect remains the same. It is to be presumed, from the persistent regularity with which those articles are produced, that there is a regular demand for them, created, doubtless, by the regular supply; and that, although in mercantile phrase, the trade in them is at present confined to one or two publishing firms, yet they find their market, in company with caviare and the diseased livers of geese. In such establishments the Complete Smasher must be a valuable member of the staff. In private life he is, doubtless, a very estimable man—an affectionate husband, a tender parent, a kind friend, and a claimant of that "derangement of epitaphs" that usually appear on mortuary memorials; and he may only do his critical smashing in the way of business, like a stage Macbeth who can murder a whole bevy of "pretty ones at one fell swoop," and, at the conclusion of the performance, join Macduff and Banquo in a social and refreshing pot of porter or claret-cup. But, when he is at his professional work, he must bring to it an intensity and wholeness of hatred that would have extorted the praise of Dr. Johnson himself. He "may smile and smile," for a grim facetiousness is allowed, the author's head being now chopped off to the accompaniment of burlesque actions and popular airs, and the sufferings of the literary martyr and *auto-da-fé* being commented upon in amusing patter; but the Complete Smasher must not for a moment imagine that he is "a villain still"—that he is enacting the rôle of "first murderer," and that although he may not be required to perform his part in the rawhead-and-bloody-bone style of the Richardsonian drama, yet that it must be as scathingly and terribly effective as was Robson's rendering of Ristori's Medea. Above all, the smashing must be complete. The author must not be left a leg to stand upon; he must be cut up root and branch; he must be jeered and ridiculed, and his private life must be ransacked for any incident from which the Complete Smasher may extract the venom wherewith he points his shaft. Everything is fish that comes to his net; and personalities, instead of being avoided, should be sought for.

Now, although John Keats was not "killed by the *Quarterly*," and although, as it was afterwards elegantly and feelingly

stated in that *Review*,* in reply to an allegation of Shelley, "the article was not written with any intention of damaging Mr. John Keats's lungs or stomach," albeit "the sickly poet died soon afterwards, apparently for the express purpose of dishonouring us," yet a harsh or unjust criticism may have so sorely wounded many a sensitive nature as to seriously injure an author's usefulness, and, consequently, to deprive his readers of the instruction or amusement that he would have imparted to them. The press can still boast of—or "point with the finger of scorn" at—some few Thackerayan "Bludgers"; but the Giffords and Crokers have passed away, and the slashing scalpers and tomahawkers of the early days of *John Bull* and *Blackwood* have given place to a class of reviewers who are burdened with consciences and hampered with the responsibilities of their vocation, and among whom the Complete Smashers stand out as distinctly as do the repellant yet ludicrous figures of those savage tribes who brandish their spears and clubs close beside the well-dressed crowds of luncheon-eaters near to the King-and-Queen screen in the Crystal Palace. In fact, the Complete Smasher might take more than one lesson from those nude models, for his art is akin to that of "the noble savage." And, if it is not savage, it is childish, and is exercised much in the same way that the child's bump of destructiveness induces him to destroy the toys that have been constructed for his amusement or improvement. We can recall to memory only one example of a monthly magazine that endeavoured to resuscitate the Complete Smasher of *Blackwood's* early days; this was the *Idler*, which was started in 1856, and, in its programme, set forth as a leading attraction the complete smashing of certain authors in a series of articles entitled (ironically) "Eminent Modern Writers." Each month a certain author was led out to be publicly smashed, hung, drawn, and quartered, and during this process he was bespattered with so many gross personalities that, to people who were happily unacquainted with the language of Billingsgate, the whole proceeding must have seemed as curious and strange as anything to which the literary Bohemianism of the day had given rise. But coarse food can only be grateful to coarse stomachs, and the *Idler's* fare was far too foul for general acceptance; so, although spirit and talent were fully evidenced in its pages, yet, in its Complete-Smasher portion, it so evidently "meant venom," like Mark Tapley's Eden rattlesnake, that people avoided it, and could not be persuaded to give the modest sixpence that was asked for its shameless invectives, and before it was six months old it had expired of a deep decline of readers.

In this case the Complete Smasher failed because he did his work with coarse brutality. If he desires to be readable and to meet with that modicum of success which has been grasped by at least one Complete Smasher of our weekly contemporaries, he must not lay about him like a giant Blunderbore or an unskilled bargee, but he must perform the operation in a graceful and artistic way that invites attention by its skilled dexterity and consummate assurance. Complete Smashing is an art; and, if its cultivation is desirable—which we by no means allege, and if it can be taught by written formulas, which we do not assert—then its disciples might possibly be assisted in their professional labours by the means of some such manual as that we have already indicated as analogous in its purpose and execution to the "Complete Letter-writer." At the same time, we would remind the Complete Smasher that, although individually he may not be rancorous and unmerciful, and that although it is merely in the way of business that his ingenuous arts are permitted to make him brutal instead of softening his manners, yet that if he is not a manufacturer of base coin, like the ordinary "smasher," he is undoubtedly a coiner of base articles; and though it may be sport for him to pen them, and for a slender minority to read them, yet they may prove fatal to the poor frogs of authors against whom they are hurled.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

MR. MICHAEL MORRIS, M.P. for Galway, and a Roman Catholic, has been appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland. The fact is significant in several respects. Mr. Morris, who was returned at the last election by a very large majority, has hitherto passed as a decided Liberal. His acceptance of office indicates that the Clanricarde interest in Parliament, which, being Adullamite, is to that extent undefined, will be

* In an article entitled, "Journalism in France," p. 464, *Quarterly Review* for March, 1840.

given to the present Government. It indicates also that there are Roman Catholic gentlemen in Ireland (and the number is probably not small) who have not the least objection on political grounds to accept office from a Conservative Ministry, and who have hitherto been adherents of Liberal Governments simply because they expected nothing from any other. The Orange section of his supporters, to whose influence Lord Derby has seemed to yield too much in his previous arrangements, will doubtless resent such an appointment as that of Mr. Morris. On the other hand, a large number of the Irish Conservatives, disgusted at the grasping tendencies of the Whiteside-Napier connection, and also disposed to welcome a state of things which may give their party some hope of retaining power, are well pleased to receive such an accession to their ranks. In the matter of accent, Lord Derby can safely boast that he has now placed his Irish administration on the broadest possible basis, Mr. Morris being possessed of the most magnificent brogue that has ever been heard within the walls of the British Parliament. It will probably give the new Solicitor-General some little trouble, although he is a lawyer and a Connaughtman, to frame his address to the electors of Galway, in the face of his sudden change of party, so as not to shock too violently the political conscience of the constituency. We recommend to him the famous model alluded to by Mr. Hosea Biglow:—

"As to my principles, I glory
In having nothing of the sort;
I ain't a Whig, I ain't a Tory;
I'm just a candidate, in short.
That's fair, and square, and perpendicular;
But if the public cares a fig
To have me anything in particular,
Why, I'm a sort of peri-Whig."

The rumour is revived that Mr. Brewster is to be, after all, the Irish Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Morris's appointment lends some colour to it.

In the course of his speech on the Queen's University, Sir Robert Peel, with his usual taste, not only brought a general charge of breach of faith against the late Government, but specifically said that Mr. Gladstone was "unmannerly," that Mr. Lawson had made a statement which he knew not to be true, and, finally, that Professor Sullivan, lately appointed a member of the Senate of the Queen's University, had demonstrated his unfitness for such a post by writing an anonymous letter in one of the Dublin papers, giving a full account of all that had passed at a meeting of the Senate. The question was at once asked, if the letter was anonymous, how did Sir Robert know that Professor Sullivan was the writer, to which the right hon. baronet rejoined that it had evidently been written by some one who was present, and he was sure there was no one else amongst those present who was capable of doing such a thing. Last Monday evening, Mr. Monsell, at Professor Sullivan's request, positively denied that he had written the letter, or that he knew who the writer was, or that he had given any one such information as could have afforded an opportunity for writing it. Sir Robert was not in the House when Mr. Monsell spoke; but after he came in he took occasion to rise in his place, and, after making an awkward explanation, ended by saying that he was "vewy sowwy" he had charged the Professor falsely. Sir Robert has hitherto been much readier in giving offence than in asking pardon, and we trust that his conduct on this occasion affords some ground for hoping that he will be better behaved in future.

The dinner of the Cobden Club at Richmond this day week gave occasion to two or three remarkable speeches—remarkable, but not all in the same way. First, there was Mr. Gladstone's admirable *éloge* of Cobden. Then there was Earl Russell's speech, abounding in compliments partly to the memory of Cobden, partly to the eloquence and statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone, but chiefly to the noble lord himself. Then there was Stuart Mill's animated panegyric of Mr. Gladstone as the leader of the Liberal party, and finally the latter's modest response, in which he gave all the glory to his "noble friend." All the "moderate" members of the late administration were so "conspicuous by their absence" as to lead to questions whether the party is not seriously disintegrated, and whether the jealousy of the Big-Whigs will not succeed, for a time at least, in excluding Mr. Gladstone from the position to which he has such indisputable and admitted claims.

EARL DERBY gave some explanations in the House of Lords on Monday evening with reference to the part the Government

had taken in connection with the negotiations for peace on the Continent. It appears that on the day the present Government accepted office, and before they had returned from Windsor, the French ambassador called at the Foreign Office, and communicated to the Under-Secretary of State the arrangement made between France and Austria, at the same time requesting the co-operation of England in the good offices of France, with a view to stopping the further effusion of blood. These joint endeavours failed, and thenceforward, added Lord Derby, "the attempt at mediation has been in the hands of the Emperor of the French. We have taken no part whatever in the negotiations; our advice has not been asked, and we have not given any. We have simply stood aloof; we have had nothing whatever to do with any terms between the three belligerents." This is certainly non-intervention with a vengeance. The Government will not even advise or negotiate. They only stand with their hands behind them, waiting to see what France will do. The discussion arose out of a question put by the Marquis of Clanricarde with reference to some observations made by Earl Russell at the Cobden Club dinner, when he said it was desirable that it should be known whether Ministers had committed themselves to any terms or opinions. At any rate, they have done no mischief; they have simply done nothing at all.

THE O'Conor Don has been complaining, in his place in Parliament, that the justices have unduly interfered with the Prison Ministers' Act of 1863. The object of that Act was to facilitate the appointment of Roman Catholic and Dissenting visiting chaplains to Government, borough, and county gaols, where previously they could not enter unless the prisoners asked for them. In the case of the borough and county gaols, it was left to the justices to decide when the number of prisoners, or other circumstances, justified such appointments; and the O'Conor Don alleges that they have strained their powers a good deal, and shown considerable intolerance. This, indeed, appears to be the fact; but the Government are not inclined to make any alteration in the law, nor does Sir George Grey, who had the conduct of the Bill, think it desirable. Both trust to the spread of liberality among the justices; but in the meanwhile this is poor consolation for the Roman Catholics and Dissenters.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE made an attempt, on Monday, to commit the House of Commons to an opinion that a new National Gallery ought to be erected on the site of Burlington House Gardens; but he only got 17 honourable gentlemen to agree with him, against 94 in favour of the existing plan. The present Government supports that plan, and we suppose the question may be considered settled.

INCREASED estimates to the amount of £495,000 have been brought in by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who announces a consequent deficit of £209,000, and the unavoidable sacrifice of Mr. Gladstone's Bill for converting a portion of the National Debt into terminable annuities, as the most available means of meeting the additional demand. The conversion of our rifles into breech-loaders is the cause of this extra expenditure; and it behoves the House and the country to see that the money is not wasted.

THE Education Vote and the debate on Foreign Affairs are the other great Parliamentary events of the week; but of the one it may be said that it was a matter of routine, and of the other that, though abounding in eloquence, it established nothing on which the country has not already fully made up its mind.

THE wisdom of the Owl is extraordinary. A Cabinet Council having been held on Tuesday, out of the regular course, and because of some unusual emergency, most people came to the conclusion that the events of the previous evening were the subject of the Ministerial deliberations. But the Owl (being, of course, in the Cabinet) solemnly announces—"The Cabinet yesterday was entirely occupied with the riot in Hyde Park." Again, it says—"The vacant Garter will, we hear, be conferred either on the Duke of Richmond or the Duke of Rutland." Why did not Lord Derby, who, of course (if not his footman), was its informant, tell the Owl which of their Graces was to get the decoration?

THE five days' armistice, which, it is to be hoped, will result in the conclusion of peace, has stopped the career of the Italians when they were beginning to be successful. Not only has the regular army advanced far into Venetia, following on the retiring footsteps of the Austrians, but the Garibaldians have been pushing on in the Tyrol, defeating the enemy in several places. The Italian fleet, moreover, under Persano—who appears to have been roused into somewhat unwilling action by the clamours of his countrymen—has been bombarding Lissa, a small Dalmatian town, nearly fifty miles to the south-west of Spalatro, and said to be one of the best harbours in the Adriatic. The object was to effect a landing in Dalmatia, with a view to approaching Venice from the rear. The Austrian batteries were silenced by a seven hours' cannonade, when the Austrian squadron under Admiral Tegethoff arrived on the scene, and a sanguinary fight ensued, in which the ironclad frigate *Re d'Italia* was run down and sunk by the Austrian ironclad *Ferdinand Max*. The *Palestro* caught fire, and the crew, refusing to leave, went down with her, shouting "Long live the King! Long live Italy!" The Austrian fleet also suffered severely, and the loss of life was great on both sides. Each claims the victory; but the probability seems to be that it was a drawn battle. One noteworthy feature of the action is the ease with which the ironclad *Re d'Italia* was run down. A correspondent of the *Patrie* says that that vessel was of English build, as are all the Italian ironclads, and that they are worthless. The Austrian ironclads, it is added, were made in France, and are far superior. The *Times*, however, queries whether the *Re d'Italia*, otherwise the *Re Galantuomo*, was not built in New York. With Sir John Pakington at work on our fleet, one would like to know the truth of this.

On retiring from the command of the Austrian troops in Venetia, the Archduke Albert was succeeded by his cousin and brother-in-law, the Archduke Renier. The late Queen of Sardinia, Maria Adelaide (who died in January, 1855), was the Archduke Renier's sister, and consequently, if the war had gone on, he would have been fighting not only against his brother-in-law, Victor Emmanuel, but also against his nephews, the Princes Humbert and Amadeus. Under the short-lived constitutional Government which Austria lately enjoyed, the Archduke Renier was President of the Council of Ministers. His eldest brother, the Archduke Leopold, had the command of an army corps in Bohemia, of which he was deprived by Benedek after the taking of Gitschin.

PRUSSIA is a Power that has risen by taking what did not belong to it, and that it should renounce this propensity to acquisitiveness would be too much to expect. We doubt, however, whether the predatory character appropriately named Vogel von Falkenstein is just the man for the times. If Prussia wants to unify Germany, it will hardly accomplish that policy by proving to the rest of Germany that the union it desires is "that of the shark with his prey." It is very likely that Prussian loans and Frankfort bankers may hereafter be found antagonistic to each other. Etymologists may be amused to discover that Falkenstein and Gladstone are fundamentally the same name—Gladstone being originally Gledstane, and "gled" meaning a falcon in the dialect of the Scottish Lowlands.

COMMENTS on the war are various and curious. The "Special" of a daily contemporary, for example, can write a long—and, we are bound to say, amusing and clever—letter, in which he discourses of the adventures of his great coat, his aptitude for acquiring luggage, his Yankee friends, his experiences all over the world, and *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, rather than upon that subject for which he was especially retained to write. An octogenarian country cottager in a remote and sequestered district of an English county gave us, the other day, his summary of knowledge regarding the Continental war. "If Queen Victoria knows about it," he said—as though there was a possibility that she could be kept in ignorance of the proceedings—"she's bound to help the King o' Proosha; because the Prooshians helped us at Waterloo." The doctrine of non-intervention was less present to the old man's mind than the duty of doing as you had been done by.

LONDON is now unquestionably suffering from cholera, and that in no slight degree. The disease first showed itself in the metropolis at the close of June. In the first week of July

there were fourteen fatal cases; in the second week (as we mentioned in our last impression), thirty-two; and in the week ending Saturday, July 21st, the number had run up to 346—a greater number than is recorded of the corresponding week in 1854, though less than in 1849. As before, the deaths are chiefly in the poor districts of the East end of London, where bad living, bad housing, and deficient cleanliness and ventilation, are in a terrible league against the unfortunate creatures who are perpetually exposed to such influences. The medical officer of the Privy Council (Dr. Simon) has issued a paper of warnings and instructions in connection with the pest; but is not this very like locking the stable-door when the steed is stolen? While we retain such sinks of filth amongst us, it is simple hypocrisy to deplore the calamities we invite.

In a case, *Mayes v. Mace*, tried on Saturday last, in the Sheriff's Court at Warwick, in which the defendant was "Jem" Mace, "Champion of England," we are treated to a glimpse of the private life of a professional pugilist. The so-called Champion, it appears, like other great men, possesses "a secretary"—not the useful piece of furniture that is known by that name—but a real, live, writing secretary, who bears the name of Mr. Henry Montague, and travels with his patron from place to place. This is the first item towards our knowledge of a fighting-man's establishment. The second item relates to his personal attire. There are many of us who, on other than sumptuary grounds, might hesitate before giving our tailor an order for "a Chesterfield coat at £4. 14s. 6d.," and "an otter-skin vest at £3. 3s.," and yet it was for these articles, as supplied, "per esteemed order," to Mr. Jem Mace, that Mr. Mayes, a Birmingham tailor, brought his action and obtained a verdict "for the full amount claimed," together with a second verdict in a second action, against Mr. Montague, the pugilist's "secretary," for the sum of three guineas for "a sealskin waistcoat." When a jockey keeps his valet, and a pugilist his secretary, men who live merely by the sweat of their brains, instead of their brows, and who are their own valets and secretaries, may console themselves that nature has not endowed them with a taste for "fancy vests" at three guineas.

THE glorious uncertainty of that important portion of the law which is ruled by the decision of the "twelve men in the box" has received a further illustration during the past week, in a case which, both in its incidents and verdict, is the very antithesis of the now celebrated trial of the Queen *v. Toomer*, to which we called attention in our last. At the Worcester Assizes, last week, two men were charged with a rape on a woman at Dudley. They pleaded guilty, but, through the intervention of the Court, altered their plea; and the trial was proceeded with. The woman's evidence was fully confirmed by that of two policemen, who had hastened to the spot on hearing her shrieks and cries of "murder," and found her "exhausted and almost unable to speak." The two men were with her, and were taken into custody. The defence was, that they had obtained the woman's consent; and, despite the evidence, and their previous plea of guilty, the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty."

LORD JAMES BUTLER, the new State Steward at Dublin Castle, is a dairyman. His carts, with his lordship's name duly emblazoned, are to be seen in Dublin, supplying customers with milk; but he won't serve any one who will not buy at least four quarts daily! He ought to be "dairyman to his Excellency" as well as a State Steward.

FINE ARTS.

THE INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.

THERE is no surer index of the progress of a London season than that which is afforded by the periodical transactions of the art-world. The opening of the minor Exhibitions in early spring and the Royal Academy dinner in the first week of May represent fixed periods, from which we may reckon the approach of that great living tide which annually surges towards the capital—the people who come to be amused, and who, while they remain in town, seek their amusement for the most part in public places. From the crowded state of the picture-galleries we perceive when the season is at its height; as they begin to thin we feel it is on the wane. Finally come the art *sourees* and *réunions*, which mark its close, and in a few weeks after London becomes what men of fashion call empty. Among the events which help to bring this notable little calendar to a close is the annual *conversazione* given

by the Royal Institute of British Architects, or, as it is familiarly called by members of the profession which it represents, the Institute. This excellent Association, established by charter some thirty years ago, may be regarded in some sort as an offshoot of the Royal Academy, which never enrolled among its members a sufficient number of architects to give the latter authority or adequately represent their profession either in Somerset-house or Trafalgar-square. Now, an architect must be a man of business as well as an artist, and it is, therefore, of the more importance that he should belong to some guild or society, where he may be enabled from time to time to meet men of his own calling, exchange opinions with them, and discuss matters which relate not only to the theory of his art but to the mode and morals of its practice. The ordinary meetings of the Institute are frequently attended by many who are not members, but who are admitted by a visitor's card issued at the commencement of each season. To the annual *conversazione* guests of each sex and of every rank are invited, and the result is always a very large gathering of those who are connected with art, either as practitioners, patrons, or amateurs. Of course, people thus assembled require something more than the amusement of a private "drum," where ladies and gentlemen only meet to look at each other. Accordingly, it has been the custom ever since these *soirées* were established to levy contributions of drawings, photographs, models, and every kind of illustration by which architecture and decorative art may be represented from all, and there are many who are willing to lend them. A temporary exhibition is thus formed which frequently includes many interesting and beautiful specimens of bric-à-brac, ancient jewellery, and that comprehensive class of goods which are generally described as "objects of virtù."

The great feature of Friday evening was an attempt to collect from all available sources a series of drawings and engravings illustrative of ancient and modern London. To this call there was a goodly response, though perhaps not quite so extensive as might have been the case had the object in view been more widely known. Among the illustrations of old London were some curious and interesting water-colour drawings from the collection of Mr. Gardner, chiefly representing the antiquities of the old palace of St. Stephen's, Westminster, while it was in a state of partial ruin. This series included a portfolio of bold sketches made from the ancient tapestry, while it still hung on the venerable walls for which it had been designed.

Mr. Decimus Burton contributed a portfolio of engravings and views of old London architecture, as well as some designs of a more recent date, including the plans of that curious specimen of Cockney classicality, the Colosseum in Regent's-park—once a favourite place with country cousins, but now, according to rumour, doomed to be numbered among things that were. Considerable attention was attracted by an excellent set of photographs taken from the old carved woodwork of St. Paul's Cathedral. This carved work, if not by Gibbons, is very much in his style of art, and though opinions may differ concerning the taste of its design, few will deny the existence of a certain spirit and skill in the execution which, with all our novel appliances and schools of art, we fail to realize in modern efforts. The photographs to which we refer were exhibited by Mr. Penrose, the present architect to the cathedral, under whose direction its restoration and embellishment are now conducted. Mr. Penrose's own designs, and those prepared by Mr. Alfred Stevens for the spandrels under the dome, some of which have been already completed by that accomplished mosaicist, Dr. Salviati, formed a very agreeable addition to this group.

Mr. Short exhibited a set of casts from some interesting and well-designed old English seals, the records of an ancient art whose history has always afforded pleasure and a field for study to the antiquary. A large bird's-eye view of the architectural works of Inigo Jones, including his well-known but never-executed design for Whitehall Palace, was contributed by Mr. Tite, M.P. Whatever may be said of other arts there can be little doubt that the last half century has seen gigantic strides in the field of architectural illustration. It is scarcely possible to conceive that a volume of such wretched lithographs as those contained, for instance, in Hakewell's Views of the Zoological Gardens, could ever have been actually published or bought. Yet, no doubt these prints were not much worse than many of the same class which appeared during the Georgian era. Indeed, works of a far higher aim, then produced at much expense and with infinite pains, are now artistically less valuable than the illustrations supplied by our cheap periodicals.

Modern London was well represented by numerous designs both of an ecclesiastical and domestic character. Among the former were some views of churches, by Mr. G. Street and by Mr. White, both of whom, though champions of early art, have departed, and we think wisely, from those Gothic traditions which, as they were mechanically interpreted some twenty years ago, deluged our parishes with a pseudo-medievalism only exceeded in absurdity by the pseudo-classicality of a previous age.

Of the city improvements as exemplified by plans, elevations, and perspectives, at the Institute, perhaps the less we say the better. It is most lamentable to reflect that with all the wealth and commercial influence which rise east of Temple Bar, such hideous absurdities should be permitted in the shape of public works as those which are erected, or are about to be erected, in the centre of the metropolis, and under the sanction of its municipal authorities. Take, for instance, the railway bridge which has just been thrown across Ludgate-hill. Can any and what constructive reason be urged for the clumsy manner in which this receives its

support? for the wretched taste which is embodied in its decorative features? The monstrous structure which spans the river just above London Bridge is another instance of design which one might describe as being literally as bad as it could be. Iron is a noble material in itself, and honestly treated is capable of taking fine and artistic forms. But in this railway bridge it is degraded into a bad imitation of stone-work, while architectural features which on account of their use or beauty have been preserved through centuries of tradition, are here ruthlessly perverted or caricatured in order to give a falsified suggestion of constructive strength.

There is something always rather melancholy in the appearance of unsuccessful competition drawings. Still it is but fair to the designer that his efforts should be known and measured by those of his successful rival. Of the various designs for the St. Pancras station and hotel of the Midland Railway, exhibited on Friday last, it will be sufficient to say that they reached the average of excellence which one usually looks for in such works, but it is an order of excellence such as generally fails to interest any one but a railway director.

Mr. Phéne Spiers, a travelling student and medallist of the Royal Academy, has sent home some careful and artistic studies of Egyptian architecture, among which we may mention the Hall of Columns, at Karnac, the Temple of Medinet Habou, at Thebes, and an interior view of the Mosque of Sultan Hussan, and a portfolio of smaller sketches. Other contributions were received from Mr. Sydney Smirke, Mr. Brandon, Mr. l'Anson, Mr. C. F. Hayward (honorary secretary to the Institute), and Mr. Fergusson, who possesses a very curious and valuable collection of photographs from Indian architecture, some of which were exhibited. In one of the lower rooms was hung a large cartoon design for a lunette-shaped fresco by Mr. Cave Thomas, the subject being, "The Diffusion of Good Gifts,"—a portion of the works in progress for Christchurch, Marylebone. Far less pretentious in size, but more artistic in conception and treatment, is Mr. Holliday's unfinished study for an encaustic painting to be executed at the east end of "All Saints" Church, Notting-hill. The subject, chosen is "The Annunciation"—a favourite theme in Medieval art. In the group which he has composed, Mr. Holliday has not ignored the early traditions which belong to it. But his colour, his draperies, and, above all, the charming landscape which forms the background of his picture, are all his own, and well worthy of this skilful decorative painter.

We must not omit to mention the very interesting specimens of Oriental enamel-work, the jewelled caskets, and jade ornaments, exhibited by Mr. W. Burges, whose name is well known in connection with the interests of art-manufacture.

The company began to arrive shortly after nine o'clock, and were met by many members of the Archaeological Congress, who adjourned to Conduit-street after concluding their own transactions, all the visitors being received by Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P. and President of the Institute. Among others the following noble-men and gentlemen were invited, but some were unavoidably prevented from attendance:—Lord Ernest Bruce, Lord Talbot de Malahide, Lord Henniker, the Earl of Effingham, Sir John Boileau, Vice-Chancellor Sir Page Wood, Archdeacon Hale, Mr. J. R. Planché, Mr. Schrieber, M.P., Admiral Sir G. Back, Professor Babbage, the Rev. R. Burgess, Mr. Street, Mr. A. Blomfield, Mr. Penrose, Mr. G. G. Scott, Mr. F. P. Cockerell, &c. About 500 people were present.

BOSTON SCHOOL OF ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—In LONDON REVIEW for July 14, at page 45, first column, occurs the following—"a wall paper of flower pattern, by V. Howard, though not marked for a prize, has considerable merit in the arrangement of the pattern."

Is there not some mistake respecting the name of V. Howard? Mr. V. Howard is the master of the Art School in this town, and, it strikes me, the work to which you refer is by one of the pupils, Richard Stephenson. The Art master is required to sign each student's work before sending it to Kensington, hence, I imagine, the error—that is, the name of the Art master has been taken, instead of the name of the student. Perhaps, you will be able to correct the error, if such it be, in your next impression. Apologizing for troubling you,

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

WM. GANE, Hon. Sec.

July 24, 1866.

MUSIC.

THE opera season is now fairly ended, the subscription nights at her Majesty's Theatre having terminated last Saturday week, although the house has been kept open since with the usual series of "farewell performances at reduced prices." On the other hand, the Royal Italian Opera, in accordance with its invariable practice, closes definitively, according to long previous announcement, to-night—the production of "Le Nozze di Figaro" having been reserved for the two final performances. The past season of the Royal Italian Opera, which although perhaps not remarkable for any startling novelty, has been attractive both from the variety and the excellence of the performances, commenced on April 3, with Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera." On the 5th of the same month a new singer, Mdle. Morensi, a contralto, appeared as Azucena, in "Il Trovatore," with some success, scarcely, however, sustained

by her after appearances, notwithstanding the advantages of an unusually handsome presence and much dramatic talent. On April 7 two new singers appeared in "La Traviata"—Mdlle. Orgeni and Signor Fancelli—both artists of merit, especially the lady, who afterwards still further improved the impression already made by her graceful performances in "Lucia" and in "Martha." On April 19 Mdlle. Pauline Lucca reappeared; and on the 28th, by her impersonation (for the first time here) of Leonora, in "La Favorita," added another to the list of her successful performances in lyric tragedy. On May 1 Madame Vilda made her first appearance in this country as "Norma," with a success that was a sufficient proof of her high powers, considering the difficulty any new comer must have in contending with the unavoidable recollections of Madame Grisi's performance of the same part. On May 12 Meyerbeer's posthumous "L'Africaine" was given, with Madame Lemmens-Sherrington as Inez, and Signor Naudin as Vasco (his original part on the first production of the opera in Paris)—changes from the cast of last year, which were, in both cases, most advantageous to the general effect of the opera. On May 15 Mdlle. Adelina Patti, and Signori Ronconi and Ciampi reappeared as Rosina, Figaro, and Dr. Bartolo, in "Il Barbiere." The new tenor, Signor Nicolini, who made his *début* on May 29 as Edgardo, in "Lucia," although exhibiting some accomplishment, both vocal and dramatic, it is to be presumed, failed to fulfil the expectations formed of him, as he did not afterwards appear, as promised, as Fra Diavolo—the part being assigned to Signor Naudin. On June 2 Madame Vilda, who had previously made so strong an impression as Norma, was equally successful as Lucrezia Borgia, proving herself as accomplished an actress as a vocalist—if wanting some of the impulsive energy of Madame Grisi, at least equal to her in refinement. On June 14 Auber's "Fra Diavolo" was revived and given in a style of excellence scarcely ever equalled in any previous performance. The exquisitely refined comedy of Mdlle. Pauline Lucca's acting as Zerlina, with her still more admirable execution of the music, proved how versatile as well as excellent are the powers of this charming and accomplished artist. The character of Fra Diavolo, assigned to Signor Naudin (instead of to Signor Nicolini, as proposed in the programme of the season), is not one of the best of that clever artist's impersonations: it wants the ease of elegant comedy in the earlier scenes, and the picturesqueness of romance in the later ones. Signor Ronconi's Lord Koburg, the travelling Englishman, was a rich piece of extravagant farce. On June 26 "L'Etoile du Nord" was given, with Mdlle. Adelina Patti, for the first time, as Cattarina. The production of the Brothers Ricci's trivial "Crispino e la Comare" was so recent (last Saturday week) that we need only briefly repeat the opinion expressed at the time, that it was scarcely worthy of a hearing at the Royal Italian Opera. Mozart's "Figaro," reserved, as already stated, for the two closing nights, completes the list of important specialties of the season—Donizetti's pretentious "Don Sebastian," promised in the programme, remaining, we presume, for future production. In addition to the artists already specified, Mdlle. Artot's name appeared in the bills (after two years' interval) towards the end of June, but speedily disappeared, to the disappointment of the many admirers of the attractive qualities of this charming singer—who, however, was heard again at the very close of the season, having been cast for Rosina, in "Il Barbiere," on Thursday last, and for the Countess in "Figaro," on Friday and Saturday, the two last nights. Mdlle. Frizzi must also be specified for her thoroughly artistic performances. Signor Mario has again this year asserted his supremacy over all other stage tenors by the charm of his finished style, in spite of the waning power of his voice. Signori Brignoli, Lucchesi, and Neri-Baraldi have been valuable aids in tenor parts of secondary importance; while that excellent baritone, M. Faure, equally admirable as a singer and actor, has repeated those performances by which he had already established his reputation here. Signor Graziani, with his incomparably beautiful voice and suave style, has (probably not altogether uninfluenced by the exceptional dramatic power of M. Faure) become more than an average actor; while Signori Attri and Tagliafico must be remembered for their general efficiency and versatile powers. With its admirable orchestra, under the energetic superintendence of Signor Costa, the splendour of all the stage accessories, and the admirable completeness of the arrangements, both before and behind the curtain; the Royal Italian Opera still maintains the special character which it has held for so many seasons.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on April 7 with the eternal "Il Trovatore" an opera in great request with aspiring tenors and contraltos. On this occasion it was chosen for the appearance of Madame de Meric-Lablache as Azucena and Signor Arvini as Manrico—the former achieving a real success, the latter being *non est*, and replaced by Signor Stagno, the serviceable second tenor of past seasons. On April 12 Mr. Hohler made his long-expected *début* in "I Puritani." This gentleman, an Englishman, had been so favourably spoken of for his performances in Italy that it was hoped he would prove a valuable accession to the small number of efficient stage tenors. His appearance, however, was premature, his exceptionally fine voice requiring still further discipline and training, and his acquirements as an actor being rather below than above the average. On April 28 Signor Mongini made his first appearance since his performances a few years since in an operatic company at Drury Lane Theatre. The effect created by him on his reappearance was such as to lead to the inference that the management of Her Majesty's Theatre had at length found a tenor who would more than fill the void left by the death of Signor

Giuglini. Signor Mongini, however, did not realize by his subsequent performances the expectations he had raised. In several of his after impersonations, notably as Raoul in "Les Huguenots," he proved that a voice of splendid quality, extraordinary compass, and apparently unlimited capabilities, is insufficient, unless united to a refined and finished style, judgment in the use of exceptionally high notes, and the dignity of bearing requisite for the assumption of parts in heroic and romantic opera. Probably next season may bring back Signor Mongini with improvement as great as that which undoubtedly occurred between his first and second visits here. Of the lady who appeared as Leonora on the occasion of Signor Mongini's *début* this season, nothing need be said, as she was not heard of again. May 8 was one of the most important dates, not only of the present season of Her Majesty's Theatre, but also of the past musical year; for it brought out Gluck's masterpiece, "Iphigenie en Tauride"—a work which, it is true, had been given here some years since by a German company, but has probably never anywhere been heard with such advantages as it had on this occasion with Mdlle. Titiens as Iphigenia and Mr. Santley as Orestes; and the scarcely less admirable although less prominent performance of Signor Gardoni as Pylades. On May 17 Mdlle. Ilma de Murska reappeared as Lucia, and on the 26th of the same month appeared for the first time as Dinorah, a brilliant performance, although more artificial and self-conscious, and less vocally perfect than one or two other Dinorahs we have seen. On June 30 the crowning novelty of the season took place in the revival of Mozart's "Seraglio"—the excessive vocal difficulties in the two principal characters of which (Constanza and Osmin) render the opera unrepresentable by any establishment not possessing singers with voices so exceptional as those of Mdlle. Titiens and Herr Rokitansky, whose performance of this music was excellent. To Mdlle. Titiens, indeed, it would be difficult to assign too much praise for those unwearied energies and high vocal attainments without which we could never have had such revivals as those which have honourably distinguished Her Majesty's Theatre during the past two or three seasons. It would be unjust not to appropriate a line specially in praise of Mdlle. Sinico—a more versatile and satisfactory *seconda donna* has probably never been heard. The admirable performances of this earnest and accomplished lady in music of the most opposite schools—French and German as well as Italian—render her invaluable. Madame Harriers-Wippen must also be mentioned for her sound reading of German music—while Madame Trebelli, with her lovely voice, of contralto quality and mezzo-soprano compass; and Mdlle. Bettelheim with her deeper-toned and less flexible organ, complete the list of lady principals. Dr. Gunz, Signori Bettini and Tasca have been the prominent tenors; while among the basses and baritones, Signori Marcello Junca, Gassier, Foli, and Bossi have been the most conspicuous, after Herr Rokitansky and Mr. Santley—the latter gentleman unquestionably the greatest stage singer England has ever produced. Signor Scalse, the clever buffo (formerly heard at the Royal Italian Opera), also made a brief appearance. On Madame Grisi's transient reappearance here it is needless to comment, since the mistake was remedied as soon as committed by immediate discontinuance of the promised series of performances. The production of two such works as "Iphigenia" and the "Seraglio" may well atone for the non-appearance (as promised) of "La Donna del Lago" and "La Vestale," which, it is to be presumed, will not be given this year, no mention being made of them in the current announcements of the "last nights." A most important feature of the season has been the efficiency of the chorus. The band is also in most respects excellent, although the effect is considerably marred by the excess of noise on the part of trombones, ophicleide, long drum, and cymbals, encouraged, or at least tolerated by Signor Ardit, the conductor.

SCIENCE.

EXPLORATIONS of ancient British tumuli, with the view of ascertaining the cranial type of the race or races whose relics they enshrine, are now being actively prosecuted. No pains are spared in the endeavour to build up out of the fragmentary remains of what was "once the dome of thought," a sufficient portion of the edifice to determine the cranial configuration, whereas a few short years ago the great object of the antiquaries who prosecuted these diggings was to obtain the funeral urn, with any other treasure in the shape of glass beads, &c., they might chance to alight upon, the bones themselves being thrown aside as objects of no interest. A remarkable tumulus, showing the burial of the two supposed races of Britons, has been opened by the Rev. Fred. Porter, of Yedingham, in presence of several archaeologists, and in continuation of the researches of the Rev. W. Greenwell, of Durham, among the ancient burials of Northumbria. The tumulus was situate on Sherburn Wold, near Scarborough, and remained from the recent diggings of Mr. Greenwell among the long barrows of the Wolds. This tumulus, however, was round, and of sixty feet diameter, very greatly ploughed down—in fact, so much so, that some of the contents were destroyed by the cultivation of the land. The opening was made on the north-west side, and very shortly a skeleton was found laid on the right side with body doubled up, knees and elbows together, and hands crossed over the breast, the head being to the north-west. At the knees, a very fine drinking-cup, finely ornamented with triangularly

arranged lines of thong-marking, was placed; the upper part, together with some of the face-bones of the skeleton, had gone by the plough or harrow. One flint flake-knife and fragments of a second urn were found near the body. At a short distance, and due west of the centre, another unburnt body of a female was found, but of a very different type. One fine knife, and six more or less wrought flints, were found, but no pottery. The most remarkable deposit was to the east, where an immense quantity of broken-up human bodies had been deposited in every variety of disorder.

A fine specimen of female honey buzzard has recently been shot in North Devon. There was a chain of eggs in the ovary, but whether they would have been laid this year is doubtful.

A partridge's nest, containing fourteen eggs, was found in the parish of Mayfield, Sussex, on the 12th of May. On the morning of the 14th the nest was again visited; there were then only seven eggs. On watching the nest a cuckoo was seen to go into it twice, and on a search being made the shells were found three or four yards below the nest, under the branches of a felled tree, where they had evidently rolled upon being brought out of the nest by the cuckoo, and where she had broken them and eaten the contents.

A description of a very interesting and valuable invention recently made by C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., has been read before the Royal Society by its author. The object of the contrivance is to obtain uniform rotation, a great desideratum in mechanics, and but very imperfectly obtained by Watt's conical pendulum, forming the well-known steam-engine governor. The new apparatus consists of a parabolic cup, open at top and bottom, and mounted upon a vertical axis, which cup dips with its smaller opening into a liquid contained within a casing completely inclosing the cup. A certain angular velocity of the cup will raise the liquid entering from below in a parabolic curve to its upper edge or brim, whilst a very slight increase of velocity will cause actual overflow in the form of a sheet of liquid, which being raised and projected against the sides of the water-vessel, descends to the bath below, whence fresh liquid enters the cup. Scarcely any power is required to cause the cup to rotate, but the moment the liquid becomes raised by the velocity of rotation, power is consumed by the process, whereby further acceleration is prevented, and a nearly uniform velocity is the result. In order to test the principle of action here involved, Mr. Siemens has constructed a clock consisting of a galvanic battery, an electro-magnet, and his gyrometric cup, besides the necessary reducing wheels and hands upon a dial face, which proceeds at a uniform rate, although the driving power may be varied within wide limits by the introduction of artificial resistances into the electric circuit. The instrument appears, therefore, well calculated for regulating the speed of all kinds of philosophical apparatus, and also for obtaining synchronous rotations at different places for telegraphic purposes. One of its most interesting and important applications is the gyrometric governor for steam-engines, which is likely to prove a great boon to cotton-spinners and all manufacturers where an equable rate of motion in their machinery is a desideratum.

Acetylene, as being the only compound which can be obtained by the direct union of carbon and hydrogen, has excited an unusual amount of interest amongst chemists. It will be remembered that M. Berthelot effected its production by heating carbon to incandescence by the voltaic arc, in an atmosphere of hydrogen. It then became the most natural starting-point from which to effect the synthesis of organic compounds from the inorganic elements. The action of potassium and sodium on acetylene, and the nature of the compounds which acetylene forms with copper, silver, chromium, and gold, have recently formed the subject of a memoir by Berthelot. He regards the latter compounds as a new class of compound metallic radicals.

The spores of the *Equisetaceæ*, or horsetails, are now amongst the most interesting of microscopic objects. If a ripe head of a fertile horsetail is gently shaken over a sheet of white paper, a number of minute green bodies will be seen to fall. These should be transferred to a glass slide, and examined with a magnifying power of fifty or sixty linear, when it will be perceived that each spore is provided with four filaments expanded at the ends. If quite fresh, these filaments will probably be in motion. By breathing upon them, they contract close round the spores; and, if watched for a few seconds, they will be seen to dart out again vigorously as the moisture which induced their contraction evaporates.

The power of the *Erythroxylon coca* of Peru to suspend the ordinary demand for food, and enable considerable exertion to be undertaken in its absence, has been long known. M. Rossi writes to the *Correspondenza Scientifica in Roma* a letter, which *Cosmos* says undertakes to show how men may live in robust health for several days without food. M. Rossi describes his own experience, and it appears that, after taking a decoction of the leaves of the plant, he felt neither hunger nor thirst for forty-eight hours.

The third report of the Cattle Plague Commissioners contains the very interesting and important microscopical researches on the cattle plague, by Dr. Lionel Beale, F.R.S., who summarizes his observations as follows:—"Without, therefore, pretending to be able to identify the actual *materies morbi* of the cattle plague, or to distinguish it positively from other forms of germinal matter present in the fluids in the different free surfaces and in the tissues in such vast numbers, I think the facts and arguments adduced tend to prove, first, that it is germinal matter; secondly, that the particles are not directly descended from any form of germinal matter of the

organism of the infected animal, but that they have resulted from the multiplication of particles introduced from without; thirdly, that it is capable of growing and multiplying in the blood; fourthly, that the particles are so minute that they readily pass through the walls of the capillaries, and multiply freely in the interstices between the tissue elements or epithelial cells; and lastly, that these particles are capable of living under many different conditions—that they live and grow at the expense of the various tissue elements and retain their vitality, although the germinal matter of the normal textures after growing and multiplying to a great extent has ceased to exist." It is evident that these observations of Dr. Beale have an important bearing on the question now so much agitated of the causation of contagious diseases, and tend to support the doctrine of the extensive influence of organic life in their production, long since strenuously advocated by the French chemist Raspail. It has lately been shown that fermentive changes are dependent upon the nutritive acts of the torula cells, and in like manner it appears probable that the origin and phenomena of contagious diseases are caused by the development and increase of germinal living matter.

An important paper entitled "Experiments on the Vibrations of Strings" has been read before the Royal Institution by Professor Tyndall. The phenomena of wave or undulating motion are now recognised as being of such importance that in a certain sense they may be said to underlie the science of physics, at least all that portion of the science connected with motion, and how large a portion of the whole this constitutes recent researches have made manifest. Professor Tyndall's experiments demonstrated the following propositions:—1. The rapidity of vibration is inversely proportional to the length of the string. 2. The rapidity of vibration is inversely proportional to the diameter of the string. 3. The rapidity of vibration is proportioned to the square inch of the tension. 4. The rapidity of vibration of different cords of the same length and thickness is inversely proportional to the square root of their densities. Thus the specific gravity of all metals capable of being drawn into wires of sufficient fineness and tenacity may be determined by means of a tuning fork—a fresh and interesting example of the ultimate mathematical relationship by which all the physical properties are linked together.

A process has just been brought into use in South Staffordshire for the manufacture of steel gun-barrels and other tubes, which is calculated by thorough manipulation to secure the maximum of strength for the metal. Bessemer's ingots are reheated and hammered right and left, and then subjected to a pressure no surface hammering can ever accomplish. To form a cylinder either for a heavy gun or a light rifle, the centre of the mass that has been previously worked under the hammer is condensed by the arc of a punch, which is made to move radially. A mundrel is then inserted into the partly-formed mould, and it is further elongated by being passed through rolls, still further improving the quality of the metal, and imparting to the mould a mathematical accuracy of dimensions both internally and externally. By the immense amount of high-pressure kneading secured for the steel by this process the maximum of strength is obtained, and a solid tube produced necessarily possessing greater strength than those manufactured with a less amount of manipulation. Messrs. John Brown & Co., of Sheffield, are making preparations to produce on this system tubes for 7-inch ordnance, hollow marine tubing, and other shafting, railway axles, &c.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THURSDAY EVENING.

AGAIN the commercial world is doomed to disappointment. After hardly any deliberation, the Bank Court broke up this morning without announcing a change in the rate of discount. For nearly eleven weeks the trade has thus been paralyzed by the infliction of 10 per cent., and, as we last week anticipated, the pressure is likely to go on for some time longer. The only chance against this result is the possibility of a very favourable change in the Bank accounts; but of this there appears little hope. The unusually early period of the harvest has necessitated the withdrawal of considerable amounts of coin for the provinces, almost immediately after the drain caused by the customary Government payments at the close of the quarter, and for the July dividends. Hence the reserve of the Bank continues to show but little improvement since the bankers and other capitalists, who are now hoarding notes, are as little disposed as ever to part with them. A change to 8 per cent. would in all probability bring these sums back, but this seems a view entirely beyond the comprehension of the directors of the Bank. Holding only by the old routine, they are incapable of perceiving that a rule, however good at times, is not always infallible, and that a departure even from the best devised regulations in the world is occasionally beneficial. If there had been no exceptional disturbance of commerce some excuse might be made for keeping the rate of discount at 10 per cent. on the ground that the high value of money here

would be certain to be followed by an influx from the Continent. The case is widely altered now. The late panic has left its traces both here and abroad, and the worst has been the complete disruption of credit. As far as England is concerned this special evil has in a great degree passed away. The admirable manner in which our bankers have born a storm which more than once threatened to bring them to general destruction, has been thoroughly appreciated. There is no longer any talk of the possible failure of a bank, notwithstanding the two provincial disasters announced last week at Birmingham and Preston. The heedless or malignant propagators of false reports, are either not listened to or else laughed at. Their trade is for a time, a very long time we trust, at an end. It is to be regretted that the same return of trust does not prevail elsewhere. Although it is now and then mentioned in some of the papers that foreign capital is being employed in the English money market, the amount is certainly very small. On the other hand, those bills that have been discounted abroad are, as for two months past, regularly encashed in bullion as fast as they become due. At no previous period in our commercial history has English credit been at so low an ebb as now. It is not that any doubt is thrown upon our resources or our honesty, both are readily admitted. It is the old story, "We do not know what may happen. Your Bank is steadily protecting itself from the possibility of loss, and the measures it adopts for that purpose are so injurious to commerce that unless the necessity for caution were imperative they would never be enforced." This is the gist of all foreign opinion on the subject, and has been so for many weeks back. Time, no doubt, will cause a change, but the progress to recovery is to the struggling trader despairingly slow.

A weekly paper reports, what it is to be hoped is not true, that the Government have no present intention of proposing an inquiry into the working of the Bank Charter Act. The reason given for this step is the extraordinary one, that it is unadvisable to proceed with such a measure in a time of panic. The plea involves such a confusion of ideas that we can hardly believe any Government would entertain it. In the first place, this is not a time of panic, strictly so called. No one in his senses would have proposed an inquiry to be held the day after the failure of Overend, Gurney, & Co., or for a week afterwards. The events of those days called for action, not discussion. The crisis being now passed through, or at all events its worst phases, the sooner its causes are looked into the better. Evidence is much more valuable when collected speedily and on the spot than when the lapse of time has necessarily impaired its accuracy. It is very well known how soon events become distorted in the recollection of even those who have the best reason for fully remembering them. Many salient points are also forgotten which, at the moment were vividly impressed on the mind. Again, when once the evil is passed and done with, and trade has resumed its regular course, it is difficult to get traders to give evidence on a subject which, for the moment, has ceased to interest them, takes up their time, and, at the best, only awakens painful reminiscences. If an inquiry is to be held, let it be held immediately. To postpone it would be certainly futile, and most likely mischievous.

The French papers have been indulging, to judge by this morning's telegrams, in their very frequent habit of publishing strange and sensational news. We find the astounding announcement that the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople have been formally complaining to the Porte of the non-payment of the July dividend on the Five per Cent. General Debt. It is almost inconceivable that such a preposterous statement should be gravely put forward. If the default had been in the loan guaranteed by England and France, the remonstrance would have been intelligible enough. According, however, to our long-recognised policy in these matters, if a foreign Government chooses to defraud its British creditors, it has an inalienable right to do so. By sad experience the English public know how thoroughly this principle has been acted upon by Spain, Mexico, Venezuela, and too many other countries. What France might do is a different matter; but then it should be recollected that so far as the Turkish Five per Cent. Stock is concerned, the French have but little interest. Germany and Holland have much more cause for complaint, and, it need hardly be said, a far less chance of being listened to. The upshot of the whole affair will probably be that another default will be made on the 13th October, the day to which the payment has been postponed, and that this security will drift into the hopeless muddle which has been the unflinching characteristic of Turkish internal finance.

The only other event that calls for notice is the successful laying of the Atlantic telegraph cable. The various bodies of

shareholders who from time to time have contributed their funds for this unrivalled attempt of modern enterprise appear destined at last to gain their reward. As we write, the expedition has been so far successful that but a few miles more are left to complete it. Within the last four or five days, the shares both of the Anglo-American and of the Atlantic Telegraph have risen considerably, and, to judge from the profits likely to be realized when the cable is at work, are destined to advance still more. In other securities, there has been comparatively little movement beyond the usual spasmodic fluctuations in Italian bonds on the varying news from day to day.

The quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25.12½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is about 2-10ths per cent. dearer in Paris than in London.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight is 108½ to 109½ per cent. With the present high rate of interest here, this quotation leaves a small profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

At a general court of the Bank of England held on Wednesday for the purpose of electing a director for the remainder of the year in the room of the Right Honourable Stephen Cave, who had retired, the scrutineers at four o'clock declared Charles Frederick Huth, Esq., duly elected.

The Secretary of State for India in Council has given notice to the following effect:—"Holders of India 4 per cent. Debentures who have given notice for their renewal are required to surrender their debentures—if registered, on or before the 3rd of August, and if payable to bearer, on or before the 11th of August next—at the chief cashier's office, Bank of England. New debentures, with coupons attached, will be issued in lieu of those so deposited on or after the 16th of August next."

Mr. H. H. Cannan, liquidator of the Agra & Masterman's Bank (Limited), has issued the following notice:—"Holders of Bills of Exchange accepted by this bank, and holders of bills drawn by its various branches upon but not accepted by the bank, and holders of drafts drawn by the branches payable on demand, are requested to send in particulars of their claims to the undersigned, and at the same time to produce such bills and drafts for registration, between the hours of 10 and 2, on or before the 15th of August next, preparatory to the payment of a first dividend, of which due notice will be given to all bill-holders whose claims have been so registered."

The directors of the Metropolitan Railway Company have resolved to recommend to the proprietors a dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, on the ordinary stock and new ordinary shares of this company, for the half-year ending the 30th June last, carrying forward to the next account a balance of £11,814.

The Great Eastern Railway traffic return shows this week a decrease of £396, compared with the corresponding week of last year; the Great Northern an increase of £978; the London and North-Western an increase of £3,722; the Great Western an increase of £4,756; and the Midland an increase of £1,369.

DUTY ON FIRE INSURANCES.—The Parliamentary return of the insurance duty paid in 1865 has just been published, and is the last which will embody the different rates on stock (1s. 6d. per cent.) and on buildings and furniture (3s. per cent.). For the purpose of comparing the business of each company in 1865 with that in 1864, we have made up an account for the two years as though the duty had remained at 3s. per cent. We thus get a measure of the progress of each company, and the result is as follows:—

Increase in 1865 over 1864.			
Royal.....	£17,708	Northern	£373
Alliance and Birmingham		Church of England	350
District (Amalgamated) ..	5,690	Salop	268
Phoenix	4,983	Norwich Equitable	245
Sun	4,882	British Nation	245
North British & Mercantile	3,376	Nottinghamshire and	
Queen	3,146	Derbyshire	241
Western	2,960	Yorkshire	188
Norwich Union	2,814	Prince	155
Law	2,753	Emperor	153
London and Lancashire..	2,575	Lancashire	124
County	2,475	Midland Counties	112
Commercial Union	2,185	Essex and Suffolk	94
London	1,804	City and County	87
London and Southwark..	1,716	Friend-in-Need	70
Scottish	1,714	Royal Exchange	63
Manchester	1,607	Shropshire and North	
Birmingham Alliance ..	1,583	Wales	60
Albert	1,431	Birmingham	33
Home and Colonial	1,319	Netherlands	28
General	1,310	Preserver	4
European	1,309	Stewarton, Dunlop, and	
West of England	1,244	Fenwick	3s.
Guardian	1,174		
Atlas	1,168	Decrease.	
Law Union	990	Oldham	4
Scottish Union	824	National of Ireland	12
Provincial	760	Volunteer Service and	
Scottish Provincial	693	General	109
Caledonian	684	Scottish National	157
Hercules	579	Hand-in-Hand	221
Kent	530	Union	490
Royal Farmers'	473	Imperial	767
Patriotic	435	Westminster	942
		Liverpool and London	
		and Globe	14,471

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MAZZINI.*

THE present instalment of Mazzini's works takes up the story of his life at the point where it was left by the first volume. After the failure of the unfortunate and ill-advised expedition against Savoy in January, 1834, he was recommended by many to renounce political life, to wait until time should have matured the destiny of Italy, and, pursuing the path of his own individual development, to concentrate his attention upon the studies most congenial to him. It is almost unnecessary to say that this counsel was not accepted. Mazzini was, indeed, reluctantly compelled to renounce for a time all further efforts for the liberation of Italy. But it appeared to him that he might fill up the interval of forced inaction by endeavouring to insure for some future rising the support of foreign allies and of European opinion. Switzerland was then full of foreign exiles, who had collected in order to take part in the expedition which had come to so ignominious a conclusion. To combine them in one common effort for the liberation of their respective countries, and to lay the foundation of a grand alliance or union of nations, was the object of the new association, called "Young Europe," which was founded at Berne in 1834. It is scarcely possible to repress a smile at the eighteen Poles, Germans, and Hungarians meeting together to draw up what they called a "pact of fraternity" for the purpose of directing the efforts of the Liberal party amongst the three peoples to a single aim. It would certainly be very easy to ridicule the inflated and dogmatic language in which it was couched, and the formalities with which it was signed on behalf of the nationalities by the various exiles present. But it is scarcely worth while to break a butterfly on the wheel. The space at our command will be better employed in continuing from a former number our sketch of Mazzini's life than in discussing his political opinions.

After the pact of fraternity had been signed, the representatives of "Young Europe" dispersed themselves throughout the different cantons of Switzerland, and set to work to obtain recruits for the new association. Mazzini was not content with this; he also founded another association, called "Young Switzerland," together with a journal of the same name. As he did not confine himself to the dissemination of political ideas, but also addressed his efforts to the more practical object of convincing the Swiss that the constitution under which they lived was a very bad one, it is not surprising that the Government now turned a more favourable ear than they had hitherto done to the remonstrances of France, Russia, and Austria, against allowing Switzerland to become the asylum for a set of revolutionary agitators. The three Powers we have just mentioned never ceased to press for the extradition of the exiles. They not only employed threats to obtain their ends, but resorted to espionage of the most disgraceful kind in order to gather evidence against Mazzini and his associates. The Federal council were at last unable to resist the importunities of their powerful neighbours; and, although Mazzini denounces their cowardice in no measured terms, we really do not ourselves see that they had any alternative. It is all very well to talk of mountain fastnesses and icy barriers; but the Swiss knew well enough that they could not successfully resist an invasion. Perhaps, too, they felt—as we think they reasonably might—that they did not owe much protection to men who had grossly abused their hospitality by the expedition against Savoy, and had subsequently shown no sort of consideration for the difficulties of their position, nor for their deficiency in material strength. Be that as it may, the exiles were at last banished towards the end of 1836, and in January, 1837, Mazzini arrived in London.

He seems at this point of his life to have been assailed by terrible doubts and misgivings as to the truth of his political faith and the righteousness of the career on which he had embarked. These, however, passed away, after a severe struggle, which left him stronger, more resolute, some will say more fanatical, than before. His position in London was at first one of extreme poverty. He tells us that one Saturday he had to pawn an old coat and a pair of boots, and that he subsequently fell a victim to usurious loan societies. By the middle of 1838 he began to obtain literary employment, and was eventually admitted as a contributor to several reviews. By his writings for them, he not only obtained a decent livelihood, but, by choosing Italian subjects, or by frequent allusions to Italian matters, he made them the means of calling England's attention to the condition of his unhappy country. We may be sure, although he does not here enter into any details on the subject, that he did not intermit his revolutionary labours, while he also found time to edit and complete an edition of "Dante," left unperfected by Ugo Foscolo.

We now come to the event which first introduced Mazzini prominently to the attention of the British public, and excited an amount of indignation, of which one conspicuous English statesman never ceased to feel the effect. He shall tell for himself the mode in which he ascertained that his letters had been opened:—

"About the middle of the year 1844—I do not now remember whether in June or July—I discovered that the letters of my correspondents in London—amongst whom were several bankers, through whom I was in the habit of receiving my foreign letters—always reached me at least two hours after the right time. The letters are

sent from the different post-offices in London to the General Post-office, where they are stamped with a stamp indicating the hour of their arrival. The distribution to their several addresses takes place during the two hours ensuing. I now carefully examined the post-marks, and found the letters invariably bore the mark of two different stamps; the one intended to efface the other; the object of which appeared to be to make the hour of delivery correspond with that in which the letter had been received, and so to prevent the original stamp, or attestation by the receiver of the time when the letter was posted, being evidence of the fact of its detention.

"This was enough for me; not so for others, who were incredulous of any violation of what they term British honour, and they received the expression of my suspicions with ironical smiles. The stamps were so managed as to render it difficult to decipher the two different hours, and merely to give an appearance of their having been rendered illegible through haste. To be quite sure, therefore, I posted at St. Martin's-le-Grand letters directed to myself, early in the forenoon, when the receiver's stamp would be 10 F N 10. After having been thus stamped, the letters directed to my name were—by superior orders—conveyed to a secret office, where they were opened, read, resealed, and given to the postman, whose duty it was to deliver them in the street where I then lived (Devonshire-street, Queen's-square). This evil work consumed about two hours' time, and consequently the letters came to hand in the afternoon with the receiver's mark 10 altered into 12; the figure of 2 being stamped upon the original 0, but not so as entirely and successfully to conceal it. I then, in the presence of witnesses, posted at one and the same time letters addressed to my own name, and others addressed to fictitious persons at the same residence. The witnesses came to my house to be present at the delivery of the letters, and they deposed in writing to the fact that the letters addressed to my name invariably arrived two hours later than the others. I adopted other contrivances to complete the chain of evidence. Letters directed to my name were posted, containing grains of sand, poppy-seeds, or fine hairs, and so folded that the sand, the seed, or the hairs could not fall out unless the letters were opened. Other experiments were tried with the seals. A wafer carefully cut square was found to have altered its shape in passing through the post-office; and in the case of wax seals, the exact appearance of the impression being carefully noted, it was found that the subsequent post-office counterfeit was placed more or less upright than the original.

"When by these and other means I had accumulated a mass of proofs, I placed the whole in the hands of a Member of Parliament, Thomas Slingsby Duncombe, and petitioned the House for an inquiry into the matter."

This accusation produced a tremendous outcry. Committees of both Houses of Parliament were appointed to investigate the subject; and although Sir James Graham and the Earl of Aberdeen were, to a certain extent, exonerated from blame, since it was shown that they had only followed the examples of their predecessors, the practice of letter-opening was energetically condemned, and has, we trust and believe, never since been resorted to.

What made the matter worse was that Mazzini's correspondence was violated, not for any English purpose, but for that of obtaining information, to be communicated to the Neapolitan Government, in respect to a conspiracy of which the brothers Bandiera were the leaders. The information thus obtained was given to the ambassador of Ferdinand II., and Englishmen learnt with shame and remorse that the action of their statesmen had placed a band of Italian patriots in the power of one of the most detestable tyrants who ever disgraced humanity. The fate of the brothers Bandiera has been made the foundation of a charge against Mazzini, as well as against our own Government. It has been said, and, indeed, it is generally believed, that he sent these young men on a perfectly hopeless enterprise—the dangers of which he did not share—merely in order that their martyrdom might promote, in some vague and uncertain way, the popular agitation in Italy. Now, without saying anything about the absurdity of imputing cowardice to Mazzini, it is certain that he cannot be shown to have countenanced any enterprise of the kind which the Bandieras undertook, and that he can be shown to have done everything in his power to prevent this particular enterprise. The truth is, that these young men were feverishly desirous of action. They utterly over-estimated the importance of the state of ferment and excitement which prevailed in Central Italy during the autumn of 1843; they underestimated the power of the Governments, then linked together under the protection of Austria, against whom they had to contend; and, so far as the actual plan which they adopted is concerned, they were deliberately led into the trap which the Neapolitan Government were enabled to set for them, with the assistance of Lord Aberdeen. Indeed, there is good reason to believe that the remonstrances of Mazzini and his friend Fabrizi had induced them to give up the notion of invading Calabria from Corfu, and that they were at last led to make the attempt by Neapolitan agents, who insinuated themselves into their confidence for this very purpose:—

"The captains of two vessels, arriving within a day of each other at Corfu from Calabria, stated that the forests swarmed with insurgents, even to the number of 2,000, who were inactive for want of chiefs; that they complained of being abandoned by the exiles; that they entreated they would send them some military men chosen from among the exiles, to represent among them the Italian idea, the national unity. They added, one knows not why, that, understanding the increasing fermentation, and the terrors of the Government, the shores were not more strictly guarded than usual. Later on, a man arrived who had fought in the mountains for some months against the gendarmerie, and who seems to have been allowed to escape expressly

* Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini. Vol. III. Autobiographical and Political. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

to furnish another enticement to the exiles. Knowing every inch of the way, he offered to act as guide to the Bandieras, and engaged to conduct them where the insurgents were already in arms, and prepared. A vessel presented itself at the point chosen, ready to take them almost without charge. They sailed and landed. There, one of their number, named *Boccheciampi* of *Cephalonia*, disappeared. After five days' march, after several engagements with scattered troops, in which they were victorious, they entered—fatigued and without ammunition—into a valley where they suddenly found themselves surrounded by forces five times their number. They fought; some among them died the death of the brave; the rest were made prisoners. They were dragged before a military commission, where they found *Boccheciampi* again, accused only of not revealing their project. Nine, among whom were the two brothers, *Attilio* and *Emilio*, *Domenico Moro*, and *Nicola Ricciotti*, were shot. By decree of the 18th of July, the King of Naples conferred the cross of Francis I. upon *D. Gregorio Balsama*, the Neapolitan consul at *Corfu*, who had hindered nothing, in consideration of services rendered by him in the affair of the exiles who landed in *Calabria*. Let every one judge for himself!

"The Bandieras and their seven companions died calm and intrepid, bearing witness to their faith, as becomes men who die for the just and true. One who was present at their last moments at *Cosenza*, on the 25th of July, speaks of them as of saints, reminding one of the martyrs of the first ages of Christianity. On the morning of their execution they were found asleep. They paid almost minute attention to their toilet, as if they were about to accomplish an act of religious solemnity. A priest approached them: they gently repulsed him, saying that, having sought to practise the law of the Gospel, and to propagate it even at the cost of their blood among those emancipated by Jesus, they hoped more from their own good intentions than his words. 'Reserve them,' added one of them, 'for your oppressed brethren, and teach them to be what the cross has made them—free and equal.' They walked to the place of execution, conversing together, without agitation, without ostentation. 'Spare the face,' said they to the soldiers, 'it was made in the image of God. *Viva l'Italia!*'

"This was their last cry on earth. God and their brothers will recollect it."

Their brothers have recollected it. And in this, the day of Italy's triumph and freedom, the memory of the martyrs of *Cosenza* is held sacred by their countrymen.

Mazzini's labours in England were not entirely of a political or literary kind. He occupied himself in alleviating the sufferings of the poor Italian organ-grinders of London, founding an association for their protection, and a gratuitous school where they might learn something of their duties and rights. This school had to struggle against the most determined opposition of the priests of the Sardinian Chapel, and the agents of the various Italian Governments; but it was kept open from November 1841 to 1848; and during those seven years moral and intellectual instruction was given to several hundred youths and children, who were found wandering about our streets in a state of semi-barbarism. An association of Italian working men was also formed, for a more distinctly national purpose. A journal called the *Apostolato Popolare* was published, and "during these years also the bonds of friendship formed in Switzerland between ourselves and the Poles was strengthened." As Mazzini does not enter into the details of the "international labours" to which he refers in general terms, we cannot be more explicit. Here for the present we must leave him, on the eve of the great revolutionary year 1848. We shall look forward with great interest to the story of his labours and efforts during that memorable period.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.*

THE importance of our Australian colonies for purposes of emigration has been variously estimated, especially since the discovery of the gold regions. Many persons living in a comparatively humble station of life, who have gone out and settled there, have made large fortunes; whilst it is equally well known that others who have emigrated to the far South, in the hope of bettering their circumstances, have been either totally ruined, or have fared so badly and seen so little prospect of their condition improving, that they have gladly returned to the mother country, and given up all idea of again settling abroad. But a new field of speculation has been recently opened up in Australia by settlers and capitalists, some of the more energetic of whom are actively engaged in visiting the hitherto little-known parts of this vast country, or rather continent, with a view to testing the fitness of the soil for pasturage or agriculture. During the latter part of the year 1861, and the commencement of 1862, the Honourable *W. Landsborough*, who is now President of the region of the Gulf of *Carpentaria*, and member of the Legislative Council of *Queensland*, undertook a journey across the continent of Australia, the immediate object of which was the rescue of Messrs. *Burke* and *Wills* and their party, "whose long absence on their northerly expedition had begun to create grave apprehensions," and whose lamentable and untimely fate is too well known to need any description here. Mr. *Landsborough's* party was one of four search-expeditions organized by the Royal Society of *Melbourne*, which started simultaneously, traversing the country by different

routes and in various directions. Our author's immediate destination was the *Albert River*, in *Carpentaria*, to which he was to be conveyed by ship, and from thence to strike off into the interior to *Central Mount Stuart*, when he would afterwards be guided by circumstances. However, he was compelled, owing to the absence of water and the extreme desolation of the region he traversed, to retreat about midway, and return to the *Albert River*, after which he prosecuted an overland voyage to *Melbourne*, *via* the *Flinders* and the head of *Cooper's Creek*, arriving at the former place at the beginning of June, 1862, after more than nine months' absence. Failing in the immediate object of his expedition, and being ignorant of the catastrophe that had befallen *Burke* and his companions until his arrival at the first settlement, Mr. *Landsborough*, in accordance with his supplementary instructions, diligently studied the nature and capabilities of the soil for cultivation and pastoral purposes at every spot on which he encamped in the course of his long journey, which was in a great measure over an entirely unexplored tract of Australian territory. He has related, in the narrative of his travels in this part of the globe, the results of his experience and observations concerning the character of the uncolonized parts of the country in Australia with reference to pasture, &c., and the work now before us was compiled, chiefly from notes recorded in Mr. *Landsborough's* log-book, by Mr. *James Stuart Laurie*, during a tedious voyage to Australia, lasting four months. Mr. *Laurie*, in a prefatory note, says that he thought the publication of the book would prove serviceable to a certain class both of the English and Australian public, "in affording simple and trustworthy information in reference to one of their most promising fields of enterprise."

On the 24th of August, 1861, Mr. *Landsborough* started from *Brisbane* for the Gulf of *Carpentaria* in the brig *Firefly*, commanded by Captain *Kirby*, which, for the first part of the voyage, was under the protection and guidance of the colonial war-ship *Victoria*. Our author was accompanied by several Europeans, and by three blacks, named respectively, *Jemmy*, *Jackey*, and *Fisher-man*. The latter, who belonged to the aboriginal native population of Australia, were to act as servants and guides to the party. The *Firefly* was abundantly supplied with all the necessary stores and horses for the intended expedition; and, for the first eight days of her voyage, all went on very well, the *Victoria* keeping her constantly in sight, while the captain of that vessel continually delivered the requisite sailing and other instructions to the captain of the *Firefly*. However, after this period, the weather was so very rough that the two ships lost sight of each other in a gale, and the *Firefly*, becoming leaky and otherwise disabled, was subsequently wrecked on *Hardy's Island*. Here our party were detained several days, during which time, however, they fortunately met with no worse disaster than the loss of one of their best horses; and, being at length discovered by the *Victoria*, the *Firefly* was repaired and again fitted for her original voyage, and early in September she once more set sail, proceeding on her journey without further interruption until she reached a desolate insular tract of land called *Post Office Island*. We shall give the description of this island in the writer's own words:—

"The next object of interest was *Post Office Island*—a name which requires a word of explanation. It is a small, bleak, and barren island, situated at the eastern entrance to *Torres Straits*; and, from its position, it has long been used by mariners as a place of call. In a dreary cave, a rough Log Book is preserved, in which they are expected to inscribe the name, port of departure, destination, and cargo of their ship. Well-provisioned ships are also expected to leave a supply of necessary stores, as a resource for others in distress. It is not much to the credit of civilized humanity that such stores are not unfrequently appropriated by crews not in distress. Still, this original and self-supporting postal institution subserves, on the whole, a useful purpose. For example, it was there that we learned the details of the wreck of the *Lady Kinnaird* on *Hardy's Island*."

In the course of their long and wearisome journey in the interior of the continent, the travellers encountered various perils and hardships, and underwent several inflictions, including a great scarcity of fresh water (for which they were frequently obliged to sink wells, and dig deep into the barren sandy soil), short supplies of provisions, exposure to all kinds of weather, fatiguing marches under the heat of a burning sun, or through heavy rains and thunderstorms, and occasional combats with wild beasts, as well as with the natives, though the latter seemed generally rather more disposed to shun the exploring party than to come into collision with them.

The wanderings of a "bush-ranger" and his attendants over a vast extent of hitherto trackless, and for the most part barren, regions, with one fixed object in view, can hardly be expected to afford much variety, in the way of incident or adventure, to the general reader, to whom, therefore, the present work will doubtless seem rather monotonous in its character; but it will probably be interesting and valuable to that section of the community who make the cultivation of land and the spread of colonization their particular study. The book, moreover, contains some curious facts relating to the vegetable products of Australia, and to the aboriginal inhabitants. Our travellers were often obliged to subsist on the numerous wild fowl and fruits of the country, and, at one spot where they encamped, they used marjoram for tea, which they found a very good substitute. Judging from Mr. *Landsborough's* description of the natural scenery of the interior of Australia, the appearance of the continent seems to be, with some few exceptions, anything but beautiful or agreeable. It

* *Landsborough's Exploration of Australia from Carpentaria to Melbourne, with Especial Reference to the Settlement of Available Country.* Edited by *James Stuart Laurie*, formerly H.M. Inspector of Schools. With a Chart, and a Systematic Arrangement of Carpentarian Plants, by *F. Mueller, Ph.D.*, &c. London: Thomas Murby; and Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

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THE present instalment of Mazzini's works takes up the story of his life at the point where it was left by the first volume. After the failure of the unfortunate and ill-advised expedition against Savoy in January, 1834, he was recommended by many to renounce political life, to wait until time should have matured the destiny of Italy, and, pursuing the path of his own individual development, to concentrate his attention upon the studies most congenial to him. It is almost unnecessary to say that this counsel was not accepted. Mazzini was, indeed, reluctantly compelled to renounce for a time all further efforts for the liberation of Italy. But it appeared to him that he might fill up the interval of forced inaction by endeavouring to insure for some future rising the support of foreign allies and of European opinion. Switzerland was then full of foreign exiles, who had collected in order to take part in the expedition which had come to so ignominious a conclusion. To combine them in one common effort for the liberation of their respective countries, and to lay the foundation of a grand alliance or union of nations, was the object of the new association, called "Young Europe," which was founded at Berne in 1834. It is scarcely possible to repress a smile at the eighteen Poles, Germans, and Hungarians meeting together to draw up what they called a "pact of fraternity" for the purpose of directing the efforts of the Liberal party amongst the three peoples to a single aim. It would certainly be very easy to ridicule the inflated and dogmatic language in which it was couched, and the formalities with which it was signed on behalf of the nationalities by the various exiles present. But it is scarcely worth while to break a butterfly on the wheel. The space at our command will be better employed in continuing from a former number our sketch of Mazzini's life than in discussing his political opinions.

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"The captains of two vessels, arriving within a day of each other at Corfu from Calabria, stated that the forests swarmed with insurgents, even to the number of 2,000, who were inactive for want of chiefs; that they complained of being abandoned by the exiles; that they entreated they would send them some military men chosen from among the exiles, to represent among them the Italian idea, the national unity. They added, one knows not why, that, understanding the increasing fermentation, and the terrors of the Government, the shores were not more strictly guarded than usual. Later on, a man arrived who had fought in the mountains for some months against the gendarmerie, and who seems to have been allowed to escape expressly

* Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini. Vol. III. Autobiographical and Political. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

to furnish another enticement to the exiles. Knowing every inch of the way, he offered to act as guide to the Bandieras, and engaged to conduct them where the insurgents were already in arms, and prepared. A vessel presented itself at the point chosen, ready to take them almost without charge. They sailed and landed. There, one of their number, named Boccheciampi of Cephalonia, disappeared. After five days' march, after several engagements with scattered troops, in which they were victorious, they entered—fatigued and without ammunition—into a valley where they suddenly found themselves surrounded by forces five times their number. They fought; some among them died the death of the brave; the rest were made prisoners. They were dragged before a military commission, where they found Boccheciampi again, accused only of not revealing their project. Nine, among whom were the two brothers, Attilio and Emilio, Domenico Moro, and Nicola Ricciotti, were shot. By decree of the 18th of July, the King of Naples conferred the cross of Francis I. upon D. Gregorio Balsama, the Neapolitan consul at Corfu, who had hindered nothing, in consideration of services rendered by him in the affair of the exiles who landed in Calabria. Let every one judge for himself!

"The Bandieras and their seven companions died calm and intrepid, bearing witness to their faith, as becomes men who die for the just and true. One who was present at their last moments at Cosenza, on the 25th of July, speaks of them as of saints, reminding one of the martyrs of the first ages of Christianity. On the morning of their execution they were found asleep. They paid almost minute attention to their toilet, as if they were about to accomplish an act of religious solemnity. A priest approached them: they gently repulsed him, saying that, having sought to practise the law of the Gospel, and to propagate it even at the cost of their blood among those emancipated by Jesus, they hoped more from their own good intentions than his words. 'Reserve them,' added one of them, 'for your oppressed brethren, and teach them to be what the cross has made them—free and equal.' They walked to the place of execution, conversing together, without agitation, without ostentation. 'Spare the face,' said they to the soldiers, 'it was made in the image of God. Viva l'Italia!'

"This was their last cry on earth. God and their brothers will recollect it."

Their brothers have recollected it. And in this, the day of Italy's triumph and freedom, the memory of the martyrs of Cosenza is held sacred by their countrymen.

Mazzini's labours in England were not entirely of a political or literary kind. He occupied himself in alleviating the sufferings of the poor Italian organ-grinders of London, founding an association for their protection, and a gratuitous school where they might learn something of their duties and rights. This school had to struggle against the most determined opposition of the priests of the Sardinian Chapel, and the agents of the various Italian Governments; but it was kept open from November 1841 to 1848; and during those seven years moral and intellectual instruction was given to several hundred youths and children, who were found wandering about our streets in a state of semi-barbarism. An association of Italian working men was also formed, for a more distinctly national purpose. A journal called the *Apostolato Popolare* was published, and "during these years also the bonds of friendship formed in Switzerland between ourselves and the Poles was strengthened." As Mazzini does not enter into the details of the "international labours" to which he refers in general terms, we cannot be more explicit. Here for the present we must leave him, on the eve of the great revolutionary year 1848. We shall look forward with great interest to the story of his labours and efforts during that memorable period.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.*

THE importance of our Australian colonies for purposes of emigration has been variously estimated, especially since the discovery of the gold regions. Many persons living in a comparatively humble station of life, who have gone out and settled there, have made large fortunes; whilst it is equally well known that others who have emigrated to the far South, in the hope of bettering their circumstances, have been either totally ruined, or have fared so badly and seen so little prospect of their condition improving, that they have gladly returned to the mother country, and given up all idea of again settling abroad. But a new field of speculation has been recently opened up in Australia by settlers and capitalists, some of the more energetic of whom are actively engaged in visiting the hitherto little-known parts of this vast country, or rather continent, with a view to testing the fitness of the soil for pasturage or agriculture. During the latter part of the year 1861, and the commencement of 1862, the Honourable W. Landsborough, who is now President of the region of the Gulf of Carpentaria, and member of the Legislative Council of Queensland, undertook a journey across the continent of Australia, the immediate object of which was the rescue of Messrs. Burke and Wills and their party, "whose long absence on their northerly expedition had begun to create grave apprehensions," and whose lamentable and untimely fate is too well known to need any description here. Mr. Landsborough's party was one of four search-expeditions organized by the Royal Society of Melbourne, which started simultaneously, traversing the country by different

routes and in various directions. Our author's immediate destination was the Albert River, in Carpentaria, to which he was to be conveyed by ship, and from thence to strike off into the interior to Central Mount Stuart, when he would afterwards be guided by circumstances. However, he was compelled, owing to the absence of water and the extreme desolation of the region he traversed, to retreat about midway, and return to the Albert River, after which he prosecuted an overland voyage to Melbourne, *via* the Flinders and the head of Cooper's Creek, arriving at the former place at the beginning of June, 1862, after more than nine months' absence. Failing in the immediate object of his expedition, and being ignorant of the catastrophe that had befallen Burke and his companions until his arrival at the first settlement, Mr. Landsborough, in accordance with his supplementary instructions, diligently studied the nature and capabilities of the soil for cultivation and pastoral purposes at every spot on which he encamped in the course of his long journey, which was in a great measure over an entirely unexplored tract of Australian territory. He has related, in the narrative of his travels in this part of the globe, the results of his experience and observations concerning the character of the uncolonized parts of the country in Australia with reference to pasture, &c., and the work now before us was compiled, chiefly from notes recorded in Mr. Landsborough's log-book, by Mr. James Stuart Laurie, during a tedious voyage to Australia, lasting four months. Mr. Laurie, in a prefatory note, says that he thought the publication of the book would prove serviceable to a certain class both of the English and Australian public, "in affording simple and trustworthy information in reference to one of their most promising fields of enterprise."

On the 24th of August, 1861, Mr. Landsborough started from Brisbane for the Gulf of Carpentaria in the brig *Firefly*, commanded by Captain Kirby, which, for the first part of the voyage, was under the protection and guidance of the colonial war-ship *Victoria*. Our author was accompanied by several Europeans, and by three blacks, named respectively, Jemmy, Jackey, and Fisherman. The latter, who belonged to the aboriginal native population of Australia, were to act as servants and guides to the party. The *Firefly* was abundantly supplied with all the necessary stores and horses for the intended expedition; and, for the first eight days of her voyage, all went on very well, the *Victoria* keeping her constantly in sight, while the captain of that vessel continually delivered the requisite sailing and other instructions to the captain of the *Firefly*. However, after this period, the weather was so very rough that the two ships lost sight of each other in a gale, and the *Firefly*, becoming leaky and otherwise disabled, was subsequently wrecked on Hardy's Island. Here our party were detained several days, during which time, however, they fortunately met with no worse disaster than the loss of one of their best horses; and, being at length discovered by the *Victoria*, the *Firefly* was repaired and again fitted for her original voyage, and early in September she once more set sail, proceeding on her journey without further interruption until she reached a desolate insular tract of land called Post Office Island. We shall give the description of this island in the writer's own words:—

"The next object of interest was Post Office Island—a name which requires a word of explanation. It is a small, bleak, and barren island, situated at the eastern entrance to Torres Straits; and, from its position, it has long been used by mariners as a place of call. In a dreary cave, a rough Log Book is preserved, in which they are expected to inscribe the name, port of departure, destination, and cargo of their ship. Well-provisioned ships are also expected to leave a supply of necessary stores, as a resource for others in distress. It is not much to the credit of civilized humanity that such stores are not unfrequently appropriated by crews not in distress. Still, this original and self-supporting postal institution subserves, on the whole, a useful purpose. For example, it was there that we learned the details of the wreck of the *Lady Kinnaird* on Hardy's Island."

In the course of their long and wearisome journey in the interior of the continent, the travellers encountered various perils and hardships, and underwent several inflictions, including a great scarcity of fresh water (for which they were frequently obliged to sink wells, and dig deep into the barren sandy soil), short supplies of provisions, exposure to all kinds of weather, fatiguing marches under the heat of a burning sun, or through heavy rains and thunderstorms, and occasional combats with wild beasts, as well as with the natives, though the latter seemed generally rather more disposed to shun the exploring party than to come into collision with them.

The wanderings of a "bush-ranger" and his attendants over a vast extent of hitherto trackless, and for the most part barren, regions, with one fixed object in view, can hardly be expected to afford much variety, in the way of incident or adventure, to the general reader, to whom, therefore, the present work will doubtless seem rather monotonous in its character; but it will probably be interesting and valuable to that section of the community who make the cultivation of land and the spread of colonization their particular study. The book, moreover, contains some curious facts relating to the vegetable products of Australia, and to the aboriginal inhabitants. Our travellers were often obliged to subsist on the numerous wild fowl and fruits of the country, and, at one spot where they encamped, they used marjoram for tea, which they found a very good substitute. Judging from Mr. Landsborough's description of the natural scenery of the interior of Australia, the appearance of the continent seems to be, with some few exceptions, anything but beautiful or agreeable. It

* Landsborough's Exploration of Australia from Carpentaria to Melbourne, with Special Reference to the Settlement of Available Country. Edited by James Stuart Laurie, formerly H.M. Inspector of Schools. With a Chart, and a Systematic Arrangement of Carpentarian Plants, by F. Mueller, Ph.D., &c. London: Thomas Murby; and Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

presents an almost uniform aspect of vast arid plains, barren sandy deserts, long hilly or mountainous tracts almost destitute of vegetation, interspersed however with several extensive grassy fields, quite capable of pasturing cattle; huge stony rocks abruptly rising from the surface of the earth, water holes, salt springs, hollow creeks, and rivers, or rather rushing torrents, with numerous tributaries, many of which are frequently dried up by the sun's heat through a considerable part of their course. Among the trees and shrubs indigenous to Australia are the baubinia (a bushy plant with a white flower resembling sweet-briar), white cedar or Australian lilac, bloodwood (so called from its containing a certain gummy substance), the broad-leaved iron bark, and the bottle-tree. The latter takes its name from the shape of its trunk, which is a good deal like that of a champagne bottle; but the appellation has a further significance from the fact of the tree containing a quantity of pure fresh water, which may be obtained by piercing the bark. The stem is also edible when young, and the wood is often used by the natives in making canoes.

Many of the "black" Australians, all of whom have a variety of dialects of their own language, acquire English with great quickness and facility, but it is frequently corrupted with many words and phrases from their native tongue, thus forming a kind of hybrid language, which is equally intelligible to the natives and the settlers, and in which they therefore generally converse. Our author gives the following interesting particulars of this singular conjunction of languages:—

"The aboriginal tongue is divided into a variety of dialects, some of which are so distinct from each other that they appear to the non-philological ear to have no affinity. Every tribe, whose hunting ground seldom exceeds thirty square miles, has its own peculiar vernacular. Blacks can, however, as a general rule, speak the dialects of neighbouring tribes; and they acquire this knowledge with remarkable ease. They also learn English with little difficulty, and, when acquired, it is often talked by natives of different tribes, when they meet. As with foreigners who profess a knowledge of English, they feel complimented by being addressed in our language. One of their greatest phonic obstacles is, the articulation of the letter *s*. They, therefore, naturally avoid words containing sibilant sounds; for example, for *horse* they prefer to say *yarraman*, and for *sheep*, *monkey* or *jumbuck*.

"It should further be noted that, though Queen's English is spoken by a few with fair purity, the so-called 'English' of the blacks is a jargon. This jargon is the ordinary medium of conversation between the native and the settler; and many of the less-informed settlers imagine all slang words to be genuine local, instead of Anglicized corruptions of primitive words, coined by now extinct tribes, perhaps at the period of the first colonization.

"The following is a colloquial sample of the hybrid tongue above alluded to:—

"*Settler*.—When peeke bong putam yarraman belonging to mine alonga yarra yarra.

"[At sunset, put my horse in the paddock.]

"*Native*.—Yo-ai, me fetchum yarraman; an you give it flour, sugar-bag, chirt, an kabon fellow bacco, bel breakam.

"[Yes; I will fetch the horse, and you shall give me some flour, sugar, a shirt, and a big fig (piece) of tobacco, not broken (whole).]"

The aboriginal natives of Australia do not seem, according to Mr. Landsborough, to occupy nearly so low a scale in the rank of human beings as they have often been represented to do. He says that they have a good deal of intelligence, and sometimes even surpass the Anglo-Australians in scholarship. They do not, as is commonly supposed in England, come of the same stock as the African negro, but are now generally admitted to be of Papuan origin. Their hair is smooth, and, though curly, is by no means woolly. When reared by the colonists, they are very courageous, and are good boxers and fearless horsemen; and when, as is generally too frequently the case with savage nations, they are not over-fond of spirituous liquors, they are faithful and trustworthy servants. They are, however, no exceptions to the ordinary savage in their notions of the practical objects of life, having no idea of the value of money or property. They are very expert in the use of their weapons, and no less skilful in guarding their bodies with the shield. In fighting, "they seem to be as fond of a warfare of words as of weapons; and the results," says Mr. Landsborough, "generally correspond to those of an Irish scrimmage—viz., plenty of bruises, but no casualties of any moment."

Our author, on the whole, speaks very favourably of the more fertile portions of the land in the tract of country through which he travelled. The latest accounts state that the settlement of the country around the Gulf of Carpentaria, North Australia, is progressing extremely well, and that the sheep and cattle are thriving, being in a far superior condition to those on the best stations in the neighbouring colonies. As police magistrate and commissioner, Mr. Landsborough intends to visit the newly-colonized district, and to lay down plans for the future as regards the best sites for townships, and the general welfare of the settlement.

FEMALE JAIL-BIRDS.*

THE "Prison Matron" is a great unknown. Not quite so important a mystery, perhaps, as the authors of "Waverley" or "Ecce Homo," but still a mystery not wholly without interest

* Prison Characters, drawn from Life. By a Prison Matron. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

in those circles which concern themselves with convicts and their penal abodes. We can boast no special intelligence in the matter: we have not received private information that "Female Life in Prison" was composed by Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Froude, or that the Queen and Miss Burdett Coutts contributed "Prison Characters" between them—hypotheses about as plausible as some of those recently current concerning "Ecce Homo." Still, in our private judgment, if a "Prison Matron," *pur et simple*, wrote these two books which bear her name, we can only say she is a prison-flower of the rarest kind. Our botanizing in those courts has never presented us a better specimen of the species. Are we bold in surmising that the "Matron" has allied herself in conjugal bonds with some one pretty well versed in the book-making art, and that from her reminiscences and observations the works before us have been cleverly compiled? Be this as it may, the books are interesting, and, taken with a little margin for dramatic licence, useful books also. Human nature in its prison costume is a new study to most of us, and a study well worth some brief attention.

"Prison Characters," in the two octavo volumes before us, are curiously presented sandwich-wise, with observations and speculations on prison affairs in general, and a sketch of a Jail-Utopia of the matron's own conception. We shall treat the characters first, and the digressions afterwards. What does the reader think of this gallery of national portraits? Jane Weynnoth, at sixteen, murdered a child left in her charge, and entered prison under sentence for life, a "dogged, resisting, vindictive being. One could not look in her face, and believe in any innocence of intention as regarded her crime: it was a face wholly brutalized, sinister, and lowering, with the low overhanging felon brow peculiar to women of this class." This woman distinguished herself in prison by ferocious onslaughts on her fellow-convicts and on the matrons; and then (to our astonishment) we read:—"At the end of ten years she was let loose once more upon society, no more thoughtful or repentant than when she began her convict life."

Ann Smith, at forty, was sentenced, also for life, for firing the ricks of a farmer in retaliation for some supposed injury. Smith's chief propensity was the stealing of ink to enable her to write letters to her friends in jail on the fly leaves of the good books of the prison library. Sometimes the ink was borne off in a thimble, then in her drinking vessel. When every other receptacle was carefully guarded, "Ink-bottle Smith," as she was appropriately called, found a new device for carrying to her cell the precious fluid. Returning from school, the matron in charge noticed that she walked very hastily into her room, and tried to close the door. "What was the matter? Was she ill?" Smith shook her head. "Had she a headache?" Smith nodded. "Should the doctor be sent for?" Smith gave vent to a murmur of dissent, and looked dismally at the importunate matron, who beheld a small rivulet of black fluid trickling out of the prisoner's mouth. "Oh, Miss," exclaimed the detected ink-stealer, "don't report me! I've suffered orfully, Miss, and nearly poisoned myself!"

Cecilia Costello, with a broad face, seamed and scarred with small-pox, spent her time in prison making "pals," and then quarrelling and setting the old ones to fight with the new. Secret papers, or "stiffs," were for ever found about the wards, addressed to one or other "pal," and ending, "Yours ever sexshunately, Sesilia Costello." The practice of "palling-in" among female convicts of the most ferocious character—a practice without parallel in male prisons—gives assuredly a curious glimpse of the ineradicable thirst in woman's nature for something which shall at least bear the semblance of tenderness and affection.

Mary Mox had a passion for demolishing windows, splitting tables, and otherwise causing devastation. So constantly were the panes of glass in her cell found smashed, that an order was given to substitute calico for them, whereupon Mox immediately set fire to the calico, and reduced it to tinder. On one occasion, Mox managed, with great ingenuity, to set fire to all the furniture in her cell, and then, as usual, hammered away at the door for assistance. The practice having become a nuisance, the ward officer conceived the happy idea of giving Mary Mox a lesson, and remained perfectly still outside the door, while Mary Mox screamed and knocked louder and louder as the suggestion occurred that she was left to be roasted alive. Finally she was relieved, much subdued and thoroughly frightened, when she had begun to be stifled. On another occasion, Mox was triumphant. Locked up in the dark, she proclaimed herself dreadfully ill, and asked for the doctor. The moment the unfortunate man bent over to examine her condition, she leaped up, and, with her huge shoe, inflicted on him a shower of blows. After a violent struggle, the doctor escaped, much mauled by this fair specimen of the "gentler sex," and Mary Mox called out to the matron, "What has become of my shoe? You're no right to take a woman's shoe away. She might catch her death of cold!"

Turn we from these pictures—half-grotesque, half-tragic—to the Prison Matron's observations on general matters of discipline. She argues against the practice of maintaining both a Protestant and a Roman Catholic chaplain in the same jail. If it be necessary (she says), let there be Protestant jails and Catholic jails, but do not give the same women the opportunity of playing at pretended conversions from one to the other, or nullify the teaching of one minister of religion, whose task—Heaven knows!—is hard enough already, by introducing jealousies and controversies among those poor darkened and besotted souls. Again, the Matron makes some remarks about the value of hard work—positive scrubbing, pumping, washing, digging—as a moral corrective for criminal women. She quotes several facts, proving that, when special work of these

kinds has been in progress, the number of "outbreaks" has been reduced to zero; and she tells a curious story of one poor soul who secretly doubled her own work of floor-scrubbing every day, feeling a relief in the reality of labour. These assertions we can corroborate from observation of the Irish system and, from experience of a large female reformatory, where hard work in the laundry seemed the panacea for every form of evil temper and rebellious disposition. In another reformatory kept by Roman Catholic Sisters, the Lady Superior observed that the girls, having been employed for some weeks in an odd job of digging away some ill-placed bank of earth on the premises, during the entire period not a single offence was committed, and the whole spirit of the school was excellent. Truly, with such facts continually before them, it is amazing how little the beneficial effects of hard work are thought of for women either in prisons or penitentiaries, and the poor, ignorant, fevered minds are shut up in close rooms to work at some frippery needlework or coir-picking, till all that is in them of ungoverned passion bursts out into some wild violence, ridiculous to him who only sees its impotence, pitiful to him who guesses all it means of degradation and despair.

BOOKS OF POEMS.*

POETRY has a tendency at times to run into certain set channels; and at the present moment there seems to be a fashion for the ancient Greek forms. The author of "Philoctetes" has apparently been inflamed with a desire to share the success of Mr. Swinburne in his "Atalanta in Calydon," and has accordingly produced "a metrical drama after the antique" on the subject of the brave and suffering friend of Hercules who, on being obliged to retire from the Trojan expedition, was confined in the island of Lemnos. Sophocles has written a tragedy on the life and misfortunes of this hero, and the present writer seeks to introduce him to English poetry. He has represented him as another Prometheus—a mild, beneficent, wise human being, tormented through long years by the malignant power of Zeus. The feeling throughout the poem reminds us of that which Shelley has expressed with so much splendour of rhetoric and audacity of speculation in his "Prometheus Unbound," and of the more gloomy parts of Mr. Swinburne's classic drama. The treatment is at times a little heavy and redundant; but the author has real poetic inspiration, and some of the passages in his work are extremely striking. That desolate old Greek idea of the hopeless misery of man is clothed by our anonymous poet in language of great beauty and power; and a haunting music sometimes murmurs in the verse, as in these stanzas from one of the Chorus:—

"Throned are the gods, and in
Lordliest precinct
Eternally seated.
And under their dwellings
Of amber the beautiful
Clouds go for ever.

Who shall dethrone them,
Who bring them to weeping?
Tho' all earth cry to them,
Shall they reply?
'Dust are the nations,
They wail for a little:
Why should we meddle
With these, whom to-morrow
Blinds into silence,
And where is their anguish?
But our immortal
Beatitudes always
Remain, and our spirits
Are nourished on ichor
Divinely eternal,
From pleasure to pleasure
Renewed. Like a mighty
Great music advancing
To climax of ardours,
Thro' vistas of ages
We know we must be:
And we ponder far-thoughted
Beyond them, beyond them,
On cloudy diminishing
Eons, half moulded
To time from the nebulous
Skirts of the darkness.'

* * * *

* Philoctetes: a Metrical Drama, after the Antique. London: A. W. Bennett.

Thecla: a Drama. By Henry Bliss. London: Williams & Norgate.

The Dole of Malaga: an Episode of History Dramatized. By Digby P. Starkey. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin.

Dramatic Studies. By Augusta Webster. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.

Master and Scholar, &c. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A. London: Strahan.

The Fire-Fiend, and Other Poems. By Charles D. Gardette. New York: Bunce & Huntington.

Descriptive Poems, Miscellaneous Pieces, Scriptural, Descriptive, Biographical, and Miscellaneous Sonnets. By John Askham. London: Warne & Co.

The Merry Bridal o' Frithmains, and Other Poems and Songs. By James Smith. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.

Hymns and Verses. By G. T. London: Rivingtons.

Palestine Revisited; and Other Poems. By the Rev. Thomas Mitchell, M.A. Second Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Mighty our masters and
Very revengeful,
Throned in the eminent
Ambers of twilight,
Helming the seasons in
Pastime they sit;
Tossing a plague on some
Fortunate island,
Carelessly tossing it,
Watching it go
Strike and exterminate—
Sweet is the cry to them—
As when some hunter
Exultingly hears
The scream of the hare as
His arrow bites under
The fur to the vitals."

In the address of Philoctetes to Ægle, the Lemnian maiden who tends him in his lonely misery, there is much sweetness and beauty:—

"Thou comest to me like music, and my pain
Ebbs out before thee. Thou dost lay thy hand
In comfort on the throbbing, and it dies.
Thou bringest about me thy light beautiful hair,
And thy sweet serviceable hands, and warm
Bendings beside me helpful, the live glance
Sweetening the tact of aidance. More than this,
Thy very footstep smooths my soul, when I
Hardly endure the quick hot noise of the fly
Battering the edges of the leaves; and more
The pure and glistening pity on the threads
Of each unlifted eyelash, or the light
Beneath them softened and dissolved and changed,
If my old pain is on me at the worst.
Or the soft folded lips at murmuring
Unworded consolation nearest sighs,
When speech, even thine, would jar upon the abyss
Of my worst hour: when poison feeds along
The corded veins, and everything is made
A black cloud and a sickness and a strife,
As tho' one flame strove with its brother fires
About my wasted flesh, their wretched prey.
I have outpast all things but pity, sweet,
And men have cast me by the way to die,
Loathed, left, and done with as a noisome thing.
And yet these men were friends, as men account
Of friendship; and this pest dishonouring me
I in their cause encountered."

If "Philoctetes" be the first work of its author, it is one of much promise.

Mr. Henry Bliss has written a drama, of which Nero is a principal character, and wherein the persecution of the early Christians is the leading feature. It is composed in rhyming verse, and is a very formal and dull affair, unless where it is utterly absurd. Another drama in the pile of poems before us is called "The Dole of Malaga," and is founded on the events attending the capture of that city in 1487, when Ferdinand and Isabella obtained one of their great triumphs over the Moors. Mr. Starkey's work is apparently written with a view to the stage. It is full of movement and situation, but the writing is too much in the received conventional style to take any high literary stand.

Mrs. Webster's "Dramatic Studies" are a set of soliloquies, exhibiting a very remarkable power of mental analysis. In the first, entitled "A Preacher," the supposed speaker—a highly respected and eminently pious clergyman—complains to himself that, though he can move his congregation to ardours of enthusiastic devotion, he is conscious in his own mind of a besetting coldness, a mechanical tendency to say things because he knows he is expected to say them, and an ever-recurring scepticism on several important points. All this is subtly delineated, and the distinction between conscious hypocrisy (which has no part in the speaker's character) and the deadening effect of routine, from which he is suffering, is very admirably drawn. In "Sister Annunciata," "With the Dead," and some of the other poems, the authoress shows a strong dramatic sense of character, and a quick insight into the entanglement of motives and passions. But the effect after a time becomes monotonous, and, as in all poems of what may be called psychological anatomy, we are sensible of something not quite healthy. Mrs. Webster, we fancy, has studied rather too much in the school of Mr. Browning, and we should recommend her for the future to be more discursive and more genial.

Mr. E. H. Plumptre's "Master and Scholar" is a little dramatic sketch, introducing us to Friar Bacon and his fellow-ecclesiastics. The writing is that of a cultivated gentleman with a taste for poetry, rather than of a poet. The persons in this short sketch talk in a terribly long-winded fashion, and have nothing very new or memorable to say; but the style is always polished and scholarly. Of the accompanying poems (many of which are on religious subjects) we can but record the same. We have had occasion once before (in our issue of February 18, 1865) to notice the prosaic character of Mr. Plumptre's verse; and in the present volume we are again conscious of the same defect.

"The Fire-Fiend" is an American production, originating, according to the author's preface (or, as he calls it, "Pre-note"), in

an odd sort of way. Six years ago, a literary discussion arose in Mr. Gardette's circle, as to whether it was or was not possible to write a complete and successful imitation of the poetical style of Edgar Allan Poe. Mr. Gardette accordingly composed "The Fire-Fiend," a poem in the manner of the celebrated "Raven," and this was published as a posthumous work of the unhappy genius who had such a wealth of goblin fancies at his command. Many persons were taken in, and the poem was reproduced in some of the London papers (under the sanction of Mr. Macready, the tragedian) as a genuine work of Poe. Together with a similar piece, called "Golgotha," and some other verses, it is now republished; and certainly the manner of the "Raven" has been well caught. As might be expected, however, the eccentricity and wildness of the original are exaggerated; and we do not feel warranted in prophesying for Mr. Gardette any conspicuous place in American letters.

Mr. Askham's poems are the productions of a working man, and are printed by subscription. The subscription list is a very plump one, and we must say Mr. Askham has not asked in vain. "The Merry Bridal o' Firthmains" is a collection of Scotch poems by a worthy compositor. The "Hymns and Verses" of "G. T." are more remarkable for piety than for genius; and the "Palestine Revisited" of the Rev. Mr. Mitchell is a second edition, and therefore beyond the limits of criticism.

SCOTCH ESSAYS ON RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS.*

IN this volume we have a series of essays on the leading religious questions of the day, somewhat in the form of the celebrated "Essays and Reviews," but, unlike them, intended to establish, not unsettle, existing opinions. The writers are all clergymen of the Free Kirk of Scotland, who, as Dr. Candlish states in the preface, entirely by private arrangement, without any official authorization or consultation of their brethren, undertook the task of delivering these lectures, in defence of Christianity, to the young men of Edinburgh. The lectures proved eminently successful, and were listened to by crowded audiences, who filled to overflowing the church in which they were delivered. Being only special replies to the sceptical and infidel objections of the day, they were intended, not to displace, but to supplement, the ordinary pulpit ministrations of that church.

Such is the design of the volume; and no doubt, were the plan well carried out, the results would be most beneficial. But it is here that we have to find fault with the volume. The intelligent reader who looks into it, not for a confirmation of his opinions, but a solution of his difficulties, will, we fear, be disappointed. The arguments are hardly up to the needs of the day; the difficulties are not entered into as deeply as they well might have been for the edification even of the hearers for whom they were intended; and there is a want of that vigour, originality, and freshness of thought, which the occasion justly demanded. As replies, we consider them very inferior to those which the "Essays and Reviews" called forth from the Established Church in this country. The style, also, is not the most lucid or attractive. In "Spiritual Christianity in Relation to Secular Progress," Dr. Blaikie had a noble subject on which much light could have been thrown profitable to young minds; yet the arguments are nearly as common-place as they would be in the most ordinary sermons. The real difficulty, for instance, as to how far the pleasures and profits of the world are consistent with true religion is grazed, as it were, but certainly not solved. This is unfortunate, for there can be no doubt that such questions are better let alone than handled imperfectly. Dr. Candlish's lecture on the Sabbath, which is mainly a confutation of Dr. Hesse's views on that subject, is open to a similar objection. So, also, as to Dr. Dun's lecture on "Prayer and Natural Law," one feels that all has not been said that could have been said to young men in proof of the efficacy of prayer. The line also taken by the Rev. Thomas Smith, in the first of the lectures, to prove "the Bible not inconsistent with Science," is hardly up to the occasion. We take, for instance, his view of the sun being made to stand still in the heavens at the command of Joshua. He thinks it might have been caused by some supernatural optical illusion in the atmosphere; but inclines more to believe that it was owing to a suspension of the earth's rotation on its axis brought about gradually to avoid the concussions that would otherwise take place. Now, the most superficial scientific sceptic must see that even this gradual arrest of the rotation, had it taken so much as a whole day to bring it about, could not have prevented a disturbance of objects on the earth's surface that would have been most disastrous in its effects. Places in the latitude of Palestine, now moving in the daily rotation at the rate of 600 miles an hour, would have had in each second one-sixth of a mile of motion taken from them—a check on their speed that would be sufficient, during every second of the twenty-four hours, to cast prostrate man and beast, throw down every edifice, and cause the sea to rush everywhere in inundations over the land. It is hardly necessary to say that the narrative makes no mention of anything of this kind having happened.

* Christianity and Recent Speculations. Six Lectures. By Ministers of the Free Church. With a Preface by Robert S. Candlish, D.D., Principal of the New College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: John MacLaren.

THE OLD TESTAMENT REVISED.*

IT was an original idea of Mr. Vance to make a new and improved Bible out of the old one by a rearrangement of its sacred materials. Such is the "Old Testament Revised" before us, of which it must be acknowledged, whatever be the presumption of which the author may be judged guilty, that it reads with a smoothness and apparent consistency that would be captivating could only the real Bible be once obliterated from our memories. The work, of course, can have little value beyond being a literary curiosity—a proof of what human industry, inspired by a dominant idea, can do; but the attempt, nevertheless, is not without some show of reason to palliate it. Mr. Vance appeals to learned divines who have asserted that there are whole portions of Scripture which have, by some mischance, dropped from their proper places into wrong ones. The learned Dr. Lowth, for instance, he says, has lamented that the beauty and elegance of Scripture are often injured or obscured by these "variations, omissions, and transpositions;" and Dr. Blaney did not scruple to transpose no less than fifteen chapters of Jeremiah.

What then? A bolder and more daring mind will venture to do on a large scale what these authorities, trammelled by ordinary usages, have done on a small one. Such was the thought which influenced Mr. Vance in the conception of the scheme which he has brought to completion in this book. There may be presumption in the attempt, but none can charge it with irreverence. Mr. Vance questions neither the historical truth of the Old Testament, nor its inspiration; nothing but the distribution of its parts, and the accuracy of the Authorized Version. His plan, therefore, has been to cut up the Old Testament into its component parts, shake them up, as it were, in a bag, throw all out on a table, and then set about arranging them by the light of common sense and natural connection of meaning. For such a task Mr. Vance does not think that his ignorance of Hebrew and Greek is any disqualification. On the contrary, the obstruction is in these attainments; for, if the Bible is to be restored, the question is, as he says, whether it can "more happily be confided to a conclave of mere scholars, of pedants, philologists—the Lowths, the Michaelises, the Kennicotts—or to some of the men of broad and universal understanding, of glowing and of ardent temperament, nourished of all which were poetic, grand, and sublime in history, in literature, and in philosophy." It is not likely that many will agree with Mr. Vance in this view of the question of qualification; but the conception is at least remarkable. He gives, in the Introduction, several instances of the manner in which he has carried out his work, one of which is an Ode of Isaiah's on "the retributive vengeance of the latter days," composed of five separate passages from Isaiah proper, and two from Jeremiah now wrongly placed, as he asserts, among the writings of that prophet. In this way the whole book is put together in paragraphs, with headings announcing their contents; but, of course, it is No Bible.

FRENCH LITERATURE.†

COLONEL CHARRAS, the stern Republican, and one of the few French exiles who, disdaining the proffered amnesty of the Emperor Napoleon, consistently refused to enter France after the *coup d'état*, wrote a little before his death, the "History of the Campaign of 1813 in Germany." Such a work, coming from so great a military authority, would at all times be highly welcome; at the present moment, however, it appears most opportunely. To the French it shows the disastrous results of a boundless craving for military glory, and to the Germans it points out where they must look for their real common enemy. Both lessons have been told innumerable times, and it is to be hoped not without some beneficial effect; still, since the remembrance of the past is with nations frequently obliterated, in consequence of the illusory aspect of the present and the vague expectations of the future, those lessons cannot be too frequently repeated. Colonel Charras' judgment

* The Authorized Version of the Old Testament Scriptures Harmonized, Classified, Revised, &c. By Alexander Vance. Printed by G. Phipps, Westminster.

† Histoire de la Guerre de 1813 en Allemagne. Par le Lieutenant-Colonel Charras. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

La France sous Louis XV. Par Alphonse Jobez. Paris: Didier & Co. London: Nutt.

Dix Années d'Emigration, Souvenirs et Correspondance du Comte de Neuilly, publiés par son Neveu, Maurice de Barberey. Paris: C. Douniol. London: Nutt.

Histoire d'un Pauvre Musicien. Par X. Marmier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

Les Animaux Malades de la Peste. Par Amédée Achard. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

Les Fourches Caudines. Par Amédée Achard. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

L'Ut de Poitrine. Par A. Lavergne. Paris: Dentu. London: Asher & Co.

Le Talisman. Par Jules Janin. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

Le Femme Biblique. Par Mlle. Clorisse Bader, de la Société Asiatique de Paris. Paris: Didier & Co. London: Nutt.

Au Nord et au Midi. Par T. Gaberel. Lausanne: G. Bridel. London: Asher & Co.

L'Année Littéraire et Dramatique. Par G. Vapereau. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

Annuaire Scientifique. Par M. P. P. Dehérain. Paris: Charpentier. London: Nutt.

L'Année Scientifique et Industrielle. Par Louis Figuier. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

L'Année Géographique. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin. Quatrième Année. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

of the fatal Russian campaign of 1812 will appear to the unconditional admirers of Napoleon rather harsh; nevertheless, it fully coincides with that of other great military authorities who have proved that the annihilation of the *grande armée* was in a measure owing to the strategical blunders of the great general, and to his neglecting to effect a junction between the troops under Macdonald and Schwarzenberg, and those of the main army. Add to this the unpardonable political mistake of persistently refusing to allow the restoration of Poland, which may be considered as the only means of effectually subduing or conquering Russia, and it becomes evident that the destruction of the magnificent French army was not solely the result of the inclement Russian winter. The Colonel, Republican though he is, does full justice to the brilliant qualities of Napoleon wherever they shine forth. Thus, he acknowledges his unparalleled activity during the spring of 1813, when he succeeded in creating and organizing a numerous army; but our author strongly disapproves certain acts of the French, as, for instance, the plundering of Hamburg under Davoust. On the other hand, he speaks in dignified terms of approbation of the national rising in Germany. The Colonel's description of the Court of Vienna and its corrupt state is particularly interesting, and deserves the more notice as proceeding from the pen of an unbiassed writer. The reader will find in the present volume more diplomatic revelations than might be expected from a professional military author; and we must therefore doubly regret that it breaks off with the fight at Mookern, on the 5th of April, 1813, and the arrival of Napoleon in Germany. The author was not so fortunate as to finish his work. He died last year on the free soil of Switzerland; but his production, fragmentary though it be, will nevertheless prove a most valuable contribution to the copious literature of the Wars of Liberation. The style of Colonel Charras is clear and without a tint of mannerism. He writes history *pur et simple*, as history ought to be written. Some of his anecdotes also are very interesting. For example, he mentions the significant utterance of Prince Metternich when passing, in 1848, the battle-field of Waterloo, as a fugitive from the Viennese Revolution. "What a misfortune it was," exclaimed the aged diplomatist, "that Napoleon, by his insatiable ambition, forced Europe to make war upon him, and to overthrow him! Had he ruled only ten years more, society would have been brought back for ever to the state in which it was before the year '89." And a pretty state of society it was! A whole library of memoirs, histories, and biographies reveals its iniquity; and those who wish to read a recent historical account of the period for which the fugitive Austrian statesman was sighing, should peruse the work of M. Alphonse Jobez, called "*La France sous Louis XV.*," of which the third volume has just appeared. The author has a respectable reputation in his own country as a politician—a reputation which dates from the years 1848 and 1851, when he sat as Deputy in the National Assembly. His political activity in those turbulent days is, in a great measure, a moral guarantee for his historical veracity; and we could scarcely find among recent productions a better authority for the illustration of that dissolute period which engendered the great revolutionary outbreak in France. The present volume only comes down to the first year of Madame de Pompadour's petticoat government; but the reader begins instinctively to feel the approach of the catastrophe which was even then looming in the distance. Another historical work, referring rather to what followed the great national drama than to the main action itself, but which is not of such high pretensions as the production of M. Jobez, has been edited by M. Maurice de Barberey. We allude to the posthumous memoirs of the Comte de Neuilly, which have been edited by his nephew under the title of "*Dix Années d'Emigration.*" The book is amusing, like nearly all the works of the fashionable *émigrés*, and is conceived in a far less haughty spirit than most productions coming from a similar source.

M. Xavier Marmier has taken the great revolutionary period in France as the background of a very pleasant and charming novel. His history of a poor musician is divided into two parts, called "*L'Idylle*," and "*Le Drame*." The idyllic part contains the story of Franz Wagner, from his wretched childhood to the happy time when he marries his first love. His good fortune begins with the circumstance which proved fatal to an Imperial Princess. Marie Antoinette is on her way to her marriage with the Dauphin. By chance she sees the poor musician at the town of Fribourg. He plays to her the simple melody of the popular German song, "*So viel Stern am Himmel stehen*;" and the Austrian Princess, who, by virtue of her education, was German in nothing but her attachment to music, is so deeply touched by Wagner's homely performance that she recommends him to the good graces of the Burgomaster. The young virtuoso now receives a good education, gets into better circumstances, and leads a happy life with the first object of his attachment. This is the "*Idylle*." Then comes the Drama, which proves to be a tragedy. Marie Antoinette is imprisoned, and the simple-minded and good-natured musician repairs with his spouse to Paris with the intention of saving the Queen. They arrive only in time to see her led to the guillotine. Franz cannot restrain his indignation, and is felled to the ground by a republican soldier. The wound proves fatal, and his wife does not long survive the death of her husband. M. Xavier Marmier is so well known as a graceful writer that it would be superfluous to dwell on the excellence of his composition. The incidents of his novel are, besides, perfectly unobjectionable; and the circumstance that the fate of the unfortunate Queen has of late attracted considerable attention in literary quarters adds a special interest to his touching story.

We must briefly notice several other works of fiction, which

combine the qualities of entertainment and moral worth. Two of these are from the pen of M. Amédée Achard, an author who has for the last ten years occupied the rank of a first-rate novelist, and whose object is not only to amuse his readers, but also to impress upon them certain exalted truths in the pleasantest form. His recent productions will fully sustain his reputation in this respect. His novel, "*Les Animaux Malades de la Peste*," will perhaps, on account of its unattractive title, startle or even deter many readers who are not familiar with its true meaning. It is therefore advisable to explain this strange story before giving a brief account of the tale to which it refers. It is simply taken from one of Lafontaine's most celebrated fables bearing the same designation. The animals, stricken by a pestilential disease, resolve to appease the wrath of Heaven by the immolation of the greatest sinner among them. The beasts of prey, though confessing to various abnormal atrocities, are honourably acquitted. The poor donkey, however, pleads guilty to the pilfering of a mouthful of grass from a field, and is unanimously condemned to death. Devouring sheep and shepherd was found excusable in the lion; but "*manger l'herbe d'autrui, quel crime abominable!*" The great fabulist appends to this fable, for the origin of which he is probably indebted to M. Fr. Habert, the moral:—

"Selon que vous serez puissant ou misérable,
Les jugements de cour vous rendront blanc ou noir."

And it is in illustration of this moral that M. Achard has written the novel before us. Three young people—M. Octave d'Epars, his sister Lucienne, and M. Victor de Marsac, the intended husband of the latter—are, in spite of their noble rank, obliged to fight their way through the world. Lucienne obtains, through the exertions of a friend, an excellent Scotchwoman, who is one of the best-drawn characters in the tale, a situation as governess, and Octave, who has likewise found employment, is now in a fair way, not only of making money, but also of making love. The latter has been rendered particularly easy, since Mdlle. Marguerite de Stainville, a charming young lady, with the additional attraction of a large fortune, has candidly declared her love for him. Victor, Lucienne's intended, has obtained a secretary's post; but the three sharers in the struggle of life are soon visited by new reverses of fortune. Lucienne loses her situation in consequence of intrigues, and Octave his lucrative employment. The latter occurrence is brought about through the agency of Madame de Stainville, the evil genius of the d'Epars family. In the days of her youth she had declared her love for M. d'Epars, the father of Octave and Lucienne, and had been rejected. We have seen that her daughter only followed the maternal example—*c'est dans le sang*, as the French say; but a slight such as this is not easily forgotten by a woman, so she now avenges it upon the son of the offender, although her own child is made his fellow-sufferer. The three persecuted heroes of the novel are once more united in their misery, and resolve to seek their fortune in Italy. Chance, however, throws in their way a favourable opportunity of heaping coals of fire on the head of their cruel persecutor; and Madame de Stainville is so deeply touched by the act of generosity of the innocent sufferers that she suppresses her old feeling of rancour, and not only gives her daughter, together with her large fortune, to Octave, but also unites Lucienne to her lover. The moral of Lafontaine's fable is so far applicable to the present novel that the heroes suffer innocently because they are in a helpless condition; but, their virtue being rewarded in the end, the author, we should think, might have found a more suitable title. Besides, although Lafontaine's fables are well known, especially in France, many readers will be perplexed by the name of M. Achard's novel. Apart from this immaterial defect, however, we are able to recommend the work warmly, both on account of its moral tenor and its amusing contents.

The second work by the same author, "*Les Fourches Caudines*," contains likewise a moral truth, and one which is of higher philosophical import. The Countess de Merris has been cast on her own resources by the infidelities of her husband, and, harbouring the bitter feeling of disappointed, although reciprocated, love towards her cousin, Monsieur Jacques de Cerclaux, she easily falls into the snares of M. de Brévans, a selfish and conceited officer. In the mean time, the Count, rendered thoughtful by a dangerous illness, reforms his Parisian manners, and becomes a faithful husband and an economical paterfamilias. He humbly asks pardon of his wife, who is perhaps no less culpable than himself. She, too, is about to make confessions, but is prevented from doing so by her friend, Madame Antoinette de Chazeuil, who persuades the fair penitent that she must preserve her character for the sake of her children. Soon after, the Count dies, and her cousin comes forward as her legitimate suitor. She might now be happy, but for the eternal truth that guilt is at all times its own avenger. M. de Brévans gives utterance to some indiscreet remarks in respect to the Countess, and her valorous cousin kills him in a duel. The dying officer retracts, though he has spoken nothing but the truth, and expires with a generous lie upon his lips. The Countess, however, feels the impossibility of becoming her cousin's wife, and so drags on a life envenomed by bitter remorse. The yoke of this humiliating feeling forms the *fourches caudines*—the figurative *furca caudina*—under which the penitent sinner must pass.

We cannot say much for the romance by M. A. Lavergne, published under the musical title of "*L'Ut de Poitrine*." The heroine, Eugénie de Brassier, is successively in love with the poet Raoul de la Fare, with the famous singer Franz, and finally with a young artist, whom she marries. The expression "finally" should

however, not be taken too literally, for we ought to remember that our volatile heroine has done homage to only three representatives of the Muses, and there remain six more who may aspire to the same favour. The tale is told pleasantly enough, and the incidents, if not actually true, are certainly possible; but we fear that the intended satire of the author will not produce the desired effect. One more novel must be mentioned before dismissing works of fiction. It is called "Le Talisman," and the author is the literary veteran, M. Jules Janin. This is a very romantic, or rather fantastic, story, occurring in the so-called glorious times of Louis XIV.; but—we had almost said fortunately—it has no historical background. "The Talisman" is a real talisman—that is to say, it is an opal given to the rich young nobleman, M. Henri de Vivés, by a benevolent fairy, at a time and in a place most suitable to such presents. It is at a haunted well, in the mysterious evening dusk—*entre chien et loup*—when our hero is favoured, between waking and sleeping, with the precious gift. The magic stone, however, does not possess the power of making its owner invisible; its speciality is to render the character of his actions obvious to him. It will always lose its lustre when he happens to do wrong. For a time, the opal exercises a beneficial influence upon the young nobleman by its magic power. But where is the charm that will protect a man against the blandishments of a beautiful actress? For such a purpose even a magic opal is powerless; for, when chance throws in the way of M. Henri de Vivés such an all-powerful creature, the precious mineral loses its lustre to no purpose, and our hero, tired of the troublesome monitor, actually hands it over to his *inamorata*, who in return well-nigh exhausts his pecuniary means by her extravagant habits. But even the power of an actress has its limits. M. de Vivés shakes off his fetters, and Jeanette, an unassuming young lady who has acted as companion to his grandmother, and the part of the benevolent fairy with the talisman, but to whom he has paid no attention whatever, is fortunate enough to recover the opal. Henri's eyes are now opened to her beauty, and since—as in a true fairy tale—she turns out to be of noble birth, and, besides, the sole heiress of the man to whom Henri has sold his property, there is no obstacle to his marrying her, and the young nobleman finds himself none the worse for his youthful escapade. The reader will see that the plot of this tale is very slight; but it is written in a most charming and attractive style, and is, besides, short.

Turning from woman's influence in modern times to her character and work in the remotest days of historical record, we have to mention a remarkable book by Mdle. Clarisse Bader, an authoress who is well known in the circles of the learned. In a former volume, Mdle. Bader has shown the type of woman in ancient India, and in her present production, called "La Femme Biblique," she gives a masterly account of the Hebrew woman until the time of Christianity. This important work is divided into four books. In the first, which the author calls "La Femme devant la Religion," we are shown the importance of the part played by woman in religious matters, from the primitive revelation to that of the Gospel. In the two subsequent books, our authoress gives an admirable sketch of the Hebrew woman in all her social relations—of the maiden, the betrothed, the wife, the mother, and the widow—and describes the modifications which these varied types underwent as a consequence of religious development. The fourth and last book is devoted to an analysis of woman's character in the history of the Hebrew people and in the Gospel.

Another work, less learned, but equally excellent, and with a religious tone in it, might suitably be appended to the foregoing. The former *pasteur* of Lausanne, M. T. Gaberel, has published a small volume of travelling sketches under the title of "Au Nord et au Midi," containing exceedingly interesting studies of literary, historical, and religious topics. The "Nord" refers to Germany, and the "Midi" to Italy and the South of France. The author seems very well acquainted with the history and literature of the countries through which he passed, and his judgments are without a taint of prejudice. The religious life of the people, of course, attracts his chief attention; but his remarks on this subject never assume the dogmatic tone of a moralizing preacher. We would call particular attention to his touching description of the life and almost primitive manners of the Protestant communities in the South of France, and to his sound and impartial opinions on literary topics.

Another instance of literary impartiality, but on a far larger scale, is afforded by the eighth serial volume of the "Année Littéraire et Dramatique," edited by M. G. Vapereau, the well-known author of the "Dictionnaire Universel des Contemporains." The "Literary and Dramatic Year-Book" of France is a most useful and commendable publication, carried out with great skill and laudable conscientiousness. The contents are of the most varied kind. The author begins with the most noble literary form—viz., poetry—and the first essay is devoted to Victor Hugo, to whom M. Vapereau pays a just and graceful tribute. Then follow various essays on poetry, with each of which the productions of one or more poets are connected. The second place is given to the novel, which is treated in the same manner, the author dividing the vast field of this favourite class of literature into various *genres*, treating of the religious, philosophic, popular, and other novels, and illustrating each class by the year's works of fiction. In speaking of the drama, the author judiciously ranges the various dramatic productions according to the principal theatres of Paris, after having given a general summary of theatrical doings during the year 1865. A considerable portion is devoted to literary history, and then follow all other branches,

treated in an equally complete and appropriate manner. In an appendix to the work, we find, besides several interesting topics and a Literary Obituary, some statistics of the French press, and a financial statement of the Parisian theatres. By the former, we see that the *Sicde* has a daily circulation of about 45,000 copies, whilst poor *Liberté* has only an edition of about 700 daily. The latter table shows us that the revenue of all the playhouses, concert-halls, &c., amounted in the year 1865 to the enormous sum of 19,168,489 francs 97 centimes, of which the authors received for copyright the respectable sum of 1,295,188 francs 32 centimes. Our readers will be able to judge by the foregoing short analysis of M. Vapereau's work that it is not a mere bibliographical "Literary Year-Book"—a kind of *catalogue raisonné*—but that it is actually a collection of critical essays, containing at the same time a complete account of the principal French productions during the past year.

What M. Vapereau has done for the belles-lettres, the Messieurs P. P. Dehérain and Louis Figuier have done for science, in two separate works, which, although greatly differing in their treatment, have the same object in view. Each of these gentlemen has edited an "Annuaire Scientifique." The one by M. Dehérain, which is the fifth annual volume of the series, consists of a collection of very able articles, by various authors, on the most important subjects which have excited the attention of the scientific world during the past year. The articles have all been written by men specially qualified to handle their subjects. M. Dehérain has made a very discretionary use of his editorial powers by furnishing only two articles from his own pen, one of which is a masterly *résumé* of M. Wurtz's elaborate treatise on chemical classification. The "Année Scientifique" of M. Louis Figuier differs in general from the preceding. In the first instance, it is the work of one hand only, and the consequence is that the whole is distinguished by a more systematic treatment. M. Figuier's "Scientific Year-Book" is the tenth volume of the series, which has been improving with every year. It contains a full account of the theoretical progress of science, besides a comprehensive narrative of the "principal applications of science to industry and art during the year 1865."

The two "Annales" just mentioned are, apparently, rival publications, although, in point of fact, each of them may be said to be the completion of the other in many respects. In this country they have also to compete against our own ably-edited "Scientific Year-Book." Another yearly publication, however—we refer to M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's "Année Géographique"—does not labour under this disadvantage, although it has been executed in so satisfactory a manner, and has already got such a firm footing in the literary world, that it need not shrink from any rivalry. England, though she does so much for the practical extension of geographical knowledge, has nothing approaching the last-mentioned publication, unless we except the short, although very clear, periodical reports of the President of the Royal Geographical Society. In Germany, which has furnished so many enterprising and scientific travellers, we find Petermann's "Monatshefte," which are indispensable to every learned geographer; and even Russia, where very little is done for other branches of literature, possesses—in Russian and French—a "Compte Rendu" of the Imperial Geographical Society. But to give the result of all that has been achieved theoretically and practically on the vast field of geography, in a condensed and pleasant form, is a labour that has been left to the able pen of an eminent French geographer. The interest of our own countrymen in this year's volume of M. de Saint-Martin's "Année Géographique" will be the greater, because the most important part of the work has reference to the singular labours and indefatigable explorations of two English travellers—Mr. Baker and Mr. Palgrave.

Before concluding our present notice, we must call the special attention of our readers to a fortnightly French periodical, which, on account of the manner in which it is conducted, deserves both the admiration and sympathy of our countrymen. We refer to the *Revue Contemporaine*. In general, it greatly resembles the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whose dangerous rival it is; but it strikes us that it affords its readers greater variety, whilst the scientific and political articles which it contains are fully equal in exactness, depth, and scholarship to those of the last-mentioned periodical. The *Revue Contemporaine* has lately been subjected to very vexatious Ministerial measures, and the editors have in consequence been compelled to suspend their "Revue Mensuelle"—a fact quite sufficient by itself to show that it is conducted in a highly liberal spirit.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

A VERY varied number of the *Edinburgh* is that which lies before us. It opens with an article on Mohammed, based on several French and German works—an article which summarizes fairly enough the facts of the Arab Prophet's life, and reproduces the chief points in the works of M. Caussin de Perceval, Dr. Sprenger, and others. In the opinion of the reviewer, the character of Mohammed, while he was in a state of oppression at Mecca, "was made up of much real enthusiasm and little deceit," but, after he became inflamed by success and the possession of absolute power, "his career was a mixture of immense and shameless imposture, still leavened with bursts of the old enthusiasm." The distinguishing mark of his own life, it is added, "is a savage incongruity: he was a strange mixture of barbarity and gentleness, of

severity and of licentiousness, of ignorance and elevation of character, of credulity and astuteness, of ambition and simplicity of life, of religious conviction and low imposture; but the most astonishing trait of his character, and that which made him indeed a great man, was an invincible belief in himself, in the ever-present protection and favour of God, and in the destiny of the religion he was to found." The next article—"Weather Forecasts and Storm Warnings"—is a very interesting account of all that has been done of late years (not very much, in the opinion of the writer) towards establishing our knowledge of meteorological matters on something like a scientific foundation, instead of mere empiricism. The system of daily forecasts of the weather carried out by the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade (over which the late Admiral Fitzroy presided) is held not to be correct or useful; but the well-known storm-warnings are admitted to possess considerable value, and to be generally popular at the seaports. In "Annals of the Huguenots," we have a paper on two works recently published by a literary society established in France, in 1852, for the purpose of elucidating the history of Protestantism in that country by the collection and careful editing of such documents as exist belonging to the momentous days of the Reformation and of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The article is full of exceedingly interesting details. The paper on Mr. Mill's "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" is a little out of date, but will probably attract those who make a special study of metaphysics. Mr. Baker's work on the Albert Nyanza is next reviewed, and very highly commended, both for its intrinsic value and its literary style. Particularly interesting at the present moment is the article on "The American Navy in the Late War," the facts of which are derived from divers official reports issued by the Washington and Richmond Governments. The moral of those facts is thus drawn at the conclusion of the review:—

"There is one deduction which might be made from a hasty survey of the naval annals of the war, against which we desire to give an earnest warning. Some will say—as some have already said—that the chief thing shown is the possibility of creating, from private resources during actual war, all that a great contest at sea may require without that elaborate preparation and vast expenditure to which in this country we dedicate millions yearly in time of peace. The example of the Great Republic and the precepts of the successful statesmen who have carried her safely to a triumphant reunion, prove, when closely studied, the very contrary. It cost them years of toil and uncertainty and oceans of expenditure before the naval predominance to which the North had full right was completely asserted. No Minister has ever more loudly deprecated the relying too much on private shipyard than Mr. Welles, to whose earnest and repeated recommendation it is due that the Congress is even now engaged on the question of determining the site of a grand dépôt for the future construction of American iron-clads. We in England, if entering into a struggle for that supremacy of the seas which involves the preservation of our own coasts from danger, and the protection of a vast and wide-spread commerce, must look to meeting not a raw seceding province, but Powers who are ready to attack, and will allow us brief space to prepare. A sufficient fleet must in such event be ready, not waiting the chances of a hurried creation. Be then the shock what it may, we doubt not it would be met by hearts as brave, by heads as cool, and arms as skilful, as those of the seamen whose exploits we have here briefly traced. The jealousies of a day, we trust, will die, while common blood and language will create new ties; and Englishmen who desire this, will not be slow to recognise as worthy successors of our own great naval chieftains, those names which now fill with pride the hearts of our kinsfolk on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Precious Stones" is an amusing and instructive paper on a fascinating subject; and the essay on Charles Lamb contains a genial sketch of that delightful essayist. The final article is on "The State of Europe," and may be described as rather Austrian, very anti-Prussian, and exceedingly Whiggish. The writer seems to anticipate England's participation in the struggle, as the vindicator of the balance of power, should the war continue, and be greatly extended. The recent turn of events has perhaps by this time reassured him.

"The Personal Life of Wellington" is the title of a pleasant, gossiping paper with which the *Quarterly* opens. This is followed by an article on the Huguenots, the character of which is of course similar to that on the same subject in the *Edinburgh*. "Iron and Steel" is a review of Dr. Percy's work on "Metallurgy," and is an excellent piece of scientific writing, popularly expounded without being trivial. Mr. Leslie's and Professor Tom Taylor's "Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds" is next reviewed in an article continuing the subject from the last number. A very elaborate account is given of the painter, who is placed in a very flattering light, not only as regards his genius, but also as respects his personal character. The explorations of Mr. Baker in Central Africa form the subject of the ensuing paper; and we then come to an article on Dr. Wilson, the good Bishop of Sodor and Man, based mainly on the life of that worthy written by the late Mr. Keble. The article is of course interesting for its facts; but it is poorly and pretentiously written, and such an expression as "the long length of his patriarchal age" is quite unjustifiable. "The Value of India to England" summarises our existing information as to the wealth derived by this country from its Eastern possessions; and at the close of his remarks the writer says:—"We believe that the connection between India and England has already conferred the greatest benefits on both countries, and is full of even richer promise for the future. We have spoken in this article

chiefly of material progress, but there are many indications that before long the intellectual and moral progress of that wonderful country will be still more striking." The article on "Jamaica, its Disturbances and its Prospects," gives a fair view of the outbreak of last autumn, condemning the undue severity of Mr. Eyre, yet making due allowance for the circumstances under which he was placed; and the number winds up with some remarks on "The Change of Ministry," full of the fine old Toryism for which the *Quarterly* has long been famous.

The *Westminster*, in its opening paper, discusses the question of "Tenant Right in Ireland," and takes a very bold stand in favour of granting to the cultivators of the soil a greater interest in the fruits of their own labour than they now possess. Indeed, the article aims at a reform of the system of land tenure altogether, and at the greater subdivision of estates among those concerned in cultivating them. "Brigandage" forms the subject of another paper, in which an interesting account is given of the doings of banditti, freebooters, buccaneers, and other semi-military scoundrels in the various countries of Europe, Asia, and America. The article is full of anecdote, and is as good reading as any sensational novel. In the review of "Ecce Homo," the writer, as may be supposed, takes the rationalistic tone prevalent in this periodical, and, while highly praising the work for its originality, vigour, sympathetic intensity of feeling, and fervid eloquence, condemns it on purely philosophical grounds as deficient in exactness and consistency. The essay on "The Origin of Language" is a review of Max Müller's and the Rev. F. Farrar's works on that perplexed and difficult subject, and inclines to the theory which traces the formation of words to the imitation of natural sounds. In the following article—"The Legendary Lore of Iceland"—a good sketch of Scandinavian superstition is derived from "Viga Glum's Saga," "The Story of Gisle the Outlaw," the "Icelandic Legends" of Messrs. Powell and Magnusson, and the "Edda of Sæmund the Learned,"—with all of which our readers have long ago made acquaintance in these columns. The political paper on "Italy, Venice, and Austria," was completed before the outbreak of hostilities, and has reference, therefore, rather to the past than to the present state of affairs: it contains, however, some facts of interests, though it is written in rather an inflated style. "Chaucer, his Position, Life, and Influence," would have been a better essay had it been longer: as it is, the introductory remarks on the development of the English language previous to the poet's time, rather over-weight what follows on Chaucer himself. "Felix Holt" is very favourably reviewed in the final long article; and then follow the shorter notices with which the *Westminster* always winds up.

"Ireland" is also the subject of the opening paper in the *British Quarterly*. It has reference partly to Fenianism, partly to the general question of the state of Ireland, her wrongs and her sorrows; and the writer advocates, as the only remedial measures which would really touch the evil, "the extinction of the revenues of the Establishment, a change in the Irish landed system for the benefit of the smaller agriculturists," and the merging of the provincial government of the country in the administration of Great Britain, combined with repeated visits of the Royal family to that part of their possessions. The authoress of "John Halifax" is passed under review in the next article, and, on the whole, spoken of in very high terms. The criticism on Comte is temperately written, and combines a fair expression of admiration of what is excellent in that writer with an emphatic protest against his materialistic tendencies in religion. "Congregationalism, English and American," is an article on the progress and development of old Puritanism and modern Dissent, written, of course, from the Nonconformist point of view always taken by the *British Quarterly*. In the paper on "The Recent Financial Panic," the Bank Charter Act of 1844 is denounced as one great cause of the evils from which we have recently suffered, and the writer recommends that it be repealed altogether. The late Professor Boole, F.R.S., forms the subject of a long and laudatory essay; and (with the exception of the briefer notes) the number concludes with a very well-written and thoroughly liberal article on "The Reform Bill" and the present state of parties. The remarks on Mr. Gladstone will, we are sure, find an echo in the hearts and intellects of the great majority of Englishmen:—

"The Reform Bill has not been successful, and the stake has been lost. And the country knows that for the present Mr. Gladstone's services and Reform are equally in abeyance. We trust it may not be long before the country may once more secure both. For seven years Mr. Gladstone has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and for a large proportion of those years he has been the most conspicuous personage in the Cabinet. But Mr. Gladstone has, we believe, not yet reached his culmination. He is only on the threshold of his greatness. It has been well said by a foreign writer, that England knows her great men, and knows how to use them; and he who does not see the growing popularity of Mr. Gladstone throughout the country, and that the country is determined to make use of his genius and train him to great ends, he who does not see that outside the House of Commons other statesmen's lights are but candles to Mr. Gladstone's sun, is blind to the signs of the time. Mr. Gladstone has only been serving that apprenticeship in power at fifty years of age which Lord Palmerston served at seventy. At seventy, the coolest and most consummate parliamentary veteran of his day suddenly came into power, and the effect upon him even at that age was to turn his head. Lord Palmerston, during his first premiership, so far from being the *beau-ideal* of popularity, speedily became the most unpopular man in the House. It was a favourite expression among the Tories at the time, that members used to walk home 'gnashing

their teeth' over his insolence. He was, they said, overbearing; he was haughty, he was insolent, he was dictatorial, and, as if to add a dash of venom to the cup of parliamentary resentment, the hectoring levity of his attitude was called by his sedate critics, the 'political ribaldry' of an 'unprincipled septuagenarian,' and 'the snobbishness of an Irish Viscount.' We remember these expressions well. But, let us ask, is that the Lord Palmerston whose loss was mourned lately, so much by the country, and even more by the House of Commons? After a short interval, when Lord Palmerston returned to power a second time, his enemies thought he would inevitably founder upon the same rock. But Lord Palmerston was great in nothing so much as in learning a lesson. In a short time the Premier, whose parliamentary insolence had been the byword of every politician, became the most popular Minister within the memory of the House. If Lord Palmerston at seventy was able to operate such a miracle, has Mr. Gladstone so much less versatility, so much less aptitude, that he has less chance of learning the same lesson at fifty, in the prime of his powers and the perfection of his intellect? Mr. Gladstone now, like Lord Palmerston then, is the central political figure in the country. He may for a short time be eclipsed. He is too tall to be overshadowed. He will return to power soon, and he will, we venture to predict, show, what he has been showing at every turn of his career, during the last ten years, that no lesson is thrown away upon him. We never heard any one maintain that Mr. Gladstone's temper was anything but the ardour of a great and over-anxious statesman, impatient of that which seems to him frivolous opposition. No English statesman should be impatient, for patience is of the essence of representative government. The general must wait for the rank and file of his army. But so far from having been arrogant and domineering, Mr. Gladstone, when first he assumed the leadership of the House of Commons, set such a watch over himself, that he was accused of tameness, and it was said his position was too much for him. When he introduced the Reform Bill, it was said that he performed his task so coldly that it was clear his heart was not in it. But when his determination was seen to be fixed, and his fire rose as his tenacity was tried, when it was found that he meant business, and that he was bent on carrying a measure which he considered to be at once sufficient and safe, he was instantly charged by the opponents of Reform with being intemperate and domineering, and being resolved to thrust an unwelcome measure down the throats of an unwilling House. These tactics show plainly enough that the true secret of the cry about Mr. Gladstone's temper was the hostility of the House to Reform."

Besides the articles on purely Catholic topics, the *Dublin Review* presents its readers this quarter with papers on the Emperor Napoleon's Life of Cæsar, Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism," "The Negro in Africa and the West Indies," and other secular subjects. The Emperor's work is condemned for want of impartiality, and Mr. Lecky's for want of orthodoxy; while in the article on the Negro a very fair and humane view is taken of the nature, condition, and prospects of that unhappy race which has been the occasion of so much crime, and the means of so much retribution, to its white oppressors.

SHORT NOTICES.

Concise Historical Proofs respecting the Gael of Alban, or Highlanders of Scotland. With Short Notices of the Highland Clans, and a Dissertation on the Gaelic Topography of Scotland; also, Explanatory Notes, Map, Illustrations, and Descriptions of the Country of the Gael. By James A. Robertson, F.S.A. Scot., and Late Colonel Unattached. Second Edition. (Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo.)—The national pride of Colonel Robertson seems to have been greatly offended by the assertion, originally made by ancient Irish historians, repeated by the Scotch chroniclers Fordun and Boece, and generally accepted by later writers, to the effect that the Highlanders are descended from a colony of Irish Scots who in the sixth century crossed the narrow seas, and spread over the northern parts of this island. He denies that so small a number of settlers could have had such an influence on the population of his country; and he maintains that the only descendants of these Irish Scots to be found in Scotland at this day remain still in Argyshire, where their ancestors first settled. These Argyshire men are therefore, according to Colonel Robertson, "the only Scots in Scotland," properly so called. Who, then, it may be asked, are the Highlanders? what is their descent? The Colonel—himself a Highlander—replies that the Gael derive their origin from the ancient Picts, who successfully resisted the incursion of the Romans, and gave so much trouble to the Southern Britons after the withdrawal of the Imperial legions. He denies that the Picts were either Scandinavians or Britons, though they were related to the latter; he repudiates the well-known story of their having been utterly exterminated, so that their very language perished; and he contends that, in speech, costume, and character, they were much the same people as the Highlandmen of the present day. A large amount of learning and research is brought to bear on these assertions, and Colonel Robertson undoubtedly shows great ability in the management of his case, though whether or not he has completely established it we must leave to Scottish antiquarians to decide. The author shows some little of that exaggerated enthusiasm which seems to be inseparable from local histories; but the work is full of curious matter touching the antiquities, language, poetry, customs, dress, and arms of the Highlanders, and we are not surprised to find that it has reached a second edition. It is illustrated with several very gracefully executed outline drawings of the most beautiful scenes in the north of Scotland; so that it has the charm of artistic embellishment as well as the interest of history.

On Memory, and the Rational Means of Improving It. By Dr. Edward Pick. Fourth Edition, with New Applications to the Study

of the French and German Languages. (Trübner & Co.)—The science of Mnemonics has always been a favourite study with enthusiastic system-makers; but their efforts have never been crowned with any great or general success. We do not say that the memory may not be artificially strengthened, or deny that certain individuals have from time to time performed seeming prodigies of recollection by the help of ingenious methods of association or arrangement of ideas. But the systems they have advanced have always been so complicated, and so difficult to understand, that the majority of mankind have found them quite impracticable, and it is not too much to say that they have never been widely adopted, or proved themselves serviceable for ordinary use. From the time of the Greek poet Simonides, the reputed inventor of Mnemonics, to our own days, the so-called science has made no progress, and people are even now disputing about its first principles. Within no great distance of time, we have in these columns noticed two treatises on artificial aids to the memory, and here already is a third. Dr. Edward Pick's little book is in its fourth edition, and this, of course, says something for the effect which his teachings have had. Like other writers on the subject, he alleges that his predecessors have failed owing to their systems being based on false principles, and he affirms that his own plan is not open to this reproach. The leading principles on which he depends are—concentration of attention on a few ideas at a time, and comparison of the unknown with the known. That is to say, he does what other professors of Mnemonics have done before him: he seeks to effect his object by association of ideas. Most people, however, find that the association of ideas on a large scale is a greater tax on the memory than the bare act of recollecting separate facts; and we do not see that Dr. Pick has overcome the difficulty. His book, however, contains some curious anecdotes bearing on the memory, and especially on the manifestations of that faculty among brute animals. The author is a German professor, and he writes in the painstaking spirit characteristic of his class.

Electricity. By Robert M. Ferguson, Ph.D. of the Edinburgh University. (Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers.)—The volume before us does not assume to be more than a popular compilation, giving with as much clearness as possible the elementary facts connected with that mysterious agency which appears to be so closely associated with animal life. Dr. Ferguson says that his book "is intended to embrace the same class of readers as the 'Chemistry of the course' (i.e., 'Chambers's Educational Course'), being addressed to 'the senior pupils at school, and junior students at college.'" For these, and indeed for all readers who desire to know the heads of the science without going far into details, it is well adapted, being clearly written and arranged, and very well brought out by the Messrs. Chambers.

The Profits of Panics. By the Author of "The Bubbles of Finance." (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)—The anonymous author of this brief collection of sketches seems determined to take the subject of City rascalities under his especial charge. Having in his previous volume shown how fraudulent companies are got up, he now undertakes to throw a light on the causes of "financial storms," otherwise panics, and to point out who contrive and profit by them, and who are the chief sufferers. The revelations are evidently based on actual knowledge; and the style in which they are conveyed is doubtless the best for carrying such statements far and wide.

Plain Papers by Pikestaff. Vol. I. (Trübner & Co.)—Having observed that working men who have not much time for reading are often deterred from perusing books which would interest their minds, by reason of the difficulty of making out the long and "hard" words which abound in them, "Pikestaff" has resolved to supply what he conceives to be a want, by the production of a series of plain papers on plain subjects, in which the greatest care shall be taken to use none but the most familiar phraseology. The first volume is in our hands. It is published at a shilling, neatly printed, and bound in cloth, and divided into seven papers on the following subjects:—"William Shakespeare," "Geography," "The Model Soldier, or Health in India," "Captain Cook," "Reading Aloud," "Bygone Days," and "Timber Trees." The style is excellently adapted to the purpose which the writer has in view, and the volume is, we should say, exactly what is wanted in working men's clubs and reading rooms. The simplicity of the remarks—especially in the criticism on Shakespeare—may sometimes provoke a smile from educated readers; but this is not the test by which to judge of such a work.

Proverbial Philosophy. By Martin F. Tupper, D.C.L., F.R.S. Bijou Edition. (Moxon & Co.)—What is to be said of a book which can boast of two hundred thousand impressions? In the face of such a fact, can criticism do anything? For our own part, we do not care to do more than record the appearance of this edition of the "Proverbial Philosophy," which is well printed, and ornamented with a pleasant portrait of its handsome author.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THIS year, when so much of the Continent is closed to pleasure-seekers, we are to have numerous boat excursions up our large streams; the *voyageurs* halting at night wherever their exertions may have carried them, and camping out or patronizing the village inn, as they may feel inclined. The first excursion of this sort was made by the *Water Lily*, a four-oar Thames gig, some fifteen years ago, when five adventurous English students travelled up all the principal streams of Europe, astonishing Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Italians, Austrians, and Russians, by their courage and success. Very recently, Mr. Macgregor has gone over a portion of the *Water Lily's* distance in his *Rob Roy* canoe; and the interest excited by his little narrative has determined the author of the book describing the *Water Lily's* excursion to prepare an entirely new edition of his work for immediate publication. The title will be "The Log of the *Water Lily* (Thames Gig) during two Cruises in the Summers of 1851-52, on

the Rhine, Neckar, Main, Moselle, Danube, and Other Streams of Germany," by R. B. Mansfield, Jun., B.A. of Oxford.

Either the taste for novel-reading is on the decline amongst us, or the number of three-volume novels appearing from the various publishing houses is too great for the market. At Mudie's, and the large West-end libraries, the number of each novel now "subscribed for" is only about half of the quantity usually taken five or six years ago, when novel reading was "the rage." The librarians, too, find it better to fill their shelves with standard or useful books, which, when the excitement of their birth is past, are worth at least a third of their original prices, and which, when encased in half-calf, sell very readily to village or other libraries. As a rule, a three-volume novel may be purchased three months after its publication for three sixpences—rarely more than three shillings.

As the result of the riots in Hyde Park, the demand in London for the morning newspapers on Tuesday was altogether unprecedented. Of the cheaper issues it is understood that nearly three times the usual number was called for, and quickly sold. Some of the small newsvendors in the suburbs were running to and from the publishing-offices during the entire day.

The seventh volume of M. Guizot's "Memoirs" will not be published until next year. It carries the narrative of the historian's political career up to the 20th February, 1848, the eve of the Revolution. It is said that the eighth volume, bringing the work down to M. Guizot's death, is not to be issued until after the author's decease. It is kept written up to the present moment, so that it is always in a perfect state for the printer. M. Guizot's correspondence will also be published after his decease. His letters are believed to be of the greatest interest, amongst them being no less than 1,200 letters from Louis Philippe upon every event of importance which took place between 1840 and 1848.

Amongst the MSS. and autographs which comprised the collection of Sir John Fenn, formed about 100 years since, and alluded to by us last week as having recently been sold at auction, may be mentioned:—Autograph letters of Sir Thomas Browne, author of "Religio Medici," £3. 10s.; eighteen proclamations, each signed by Queen Elizabeth, £62. 18s. (purchased in part by the Society of Antiquaries); a letter of Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, £3. 10s.; letter of Henry VIII. to the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated from Calais, £7; letter from Queen ("Bloody") Mary relating to the Rebellion of Peter Carew in Devon and Cornwall, £4. 4s.; an Order signed by Phillip and "Marye the Queene," £10; letter of Lawrence Sterne (dated from Rome), £5. 10s.; a long letter of George Washington, £5. 5s.; a Roll of Arms of those who accompanied William the Conqueror, when he besieged the Isle of Ely; with 44 coats-of-arms, £8. 5s.; a curious Roll of the fifteenth century, containing the "Complaynte made to Kinge Henry the VI. by the D. of Gloucester upon the Cardinall of Winchester," giving an account of the murder of the King of Scots, £35 (bought by the British Museum); various Rentals and Household Accounts, and a most interesting Charter of King Stephen, granting to the Church of St. Peter of Eye, and the Monks there, all the valuable possessions which they held in the time of Robert Malet, and before the King (Stephen) came to the throne, free from all exaction, dated at Eye, 1137, £30. This last was secured by the British Museum.

The Memoirs of Prince Talleyrand—the materials for which, by an extraordinary will of the late owner, were not to be touched for thirty years—will be published during the coming autumn. The Duchess de Dino, Talleyrand's niece, however, was enabled to veto this strange clause in the document, and the work is to appear simultaneously in London, Paris, and, it was originally intended, Vienna.

The *United States Service Magazine* (which attained a large circulation during the late war) announces its own death in the current number, the 30th. The conflict being over which called it into existence, it trusts that it may be long before its services will be again required.

Soon after the publication of M. Renan's late work, "Les Apôtres," the walls of Paris were covered with large posters, announcing the publication of a work in answer to the author. The title of the book refuting the author of "Les Apôtres" is "Christ Crucified by Ernest Renan."

A recent book, with illustrations by Gustave Doré, does not appear to have made itself known here. The title is "Le Capitaine Fracasse," and the author, Théophile Gautier, is an old friend of the artist's—in fact, the first critic who directed public attention to Doré in the public prints.

In New York, a Masonic Publishing Company has recently been started. They announce a republication of "Preston's Illustrations of Masonry;" "Hutchinson's Spirit of Masonry;" "Cross's True Masonic Chart;" and a new edition of Daniel C. Sickels.

A biography of William Henry Hunt, the distinguished artist, is, we believe, in preparation as a Christmas book. It is to be illustrated by chromo-lithographs and woodcuts from the artist's works. Mr. F. G. Stephens, the editor, remarks in his circular that Hunt "was almost the last survivor of a class of painters which was developed about the beginning of this century, and comprised some of the most distinguished Englishmen. Going through many stages of practice, he left multitudes of pictures in the possession of hundreds of lovers of art—landscapes, architectural and marine studies, humorous and pathetic subjects, and a vast number of paintings in still life." The author has received the assistance of many of Hunt's oldest friends, his family, fellow-students, and members of the Royal Academy and Society of Water-Colours; and the publishers call upon possessors and admirers of the artist's works to present chromo-lithographs of their treasures to the book now being prepared.

A bookseller at the extreme point of South Africa—Mr. J. C. Juta, of Capetown—is advertising what promises to be a very interesting work. The title is—"The Birds of South Africa: a Descriptive Cata-

logue of all the known Species occurring South of the Twenty-eighth Parallel of Latitude," by Edgar Leopold Layard, Curator of the South African Museum, Fellow of the Zoological Society, and Member of various English and Foreign Societies. The price is to be only 8s. 6d. per copy, and we observe that Mr. Juta is advertising his book in the journals of the United States, Australia, and New Zealand, as well as in those of Europe. He expresses his intention of printing a small number.

From Surrey, we hear that a Mr. Dowsett has recently made a somewhat remarkable discovery of ancient Roman coins. He was crossing the hill near Farnham, known as Caesar's Camp, and, whilst examining a curious looking stone, heard a jingling sound in a hole beneath the stone. He soon found an old silver coin, and further examination brought to light several others, all of them belonging to the period when the Romans ruled this country. The majority of the coins consist of *sestertii* of the Emperors Diocletian and Constantius, in an excellent state of preservation; and the fact that they belong to different reigns seems to afford data for the legend, current in the neighbourhood, that a Roman station really did exist in this locality.

A life of the notorious Booth is announced for immediate publication by a New York bookseller. The title will be "Junius Brutus Booth; being a Memoir, with Anecdotes, Incidents, and Passages in the Life of the 'Elder Booth'" (the actor), by his daughter. The same publisher promises, "Who Goes There? or, Men and Events;" a volume of essays on celebrated Americans, by "Sentinel."

The Parisian comic sheet, the *Figaro*, informs its readers as to the true names of certain popular writers. "Fernand Caballero" conceals the name of a Queen's sister—no less a personage than the Duchess of Montpensier. The Emperor's cousin, Madame Ratazzi, has signed as "Camille Bernard," "Baron Stack," and "Viscount d'Albens." The father of this authoress was the late Hon. Mr. Wyse, an Irish gentleman of good family, and for many years English Minister at Athens. He married a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the first Emperor, and separated from his wife soon after his marriage. His eldest daughter married Prince de Solms; and, a fortnight after his death, Victor Emmanuel's then Minister, Ratazzi. As the Princess de Solms, her *salon* in Paris was celebrated as the place of rendezvous for the semi-literary and artistic world of Paris. "Henri Desroches" and "Jacques Reynaud" are the pseudonyms of Madame Dash.

The valuable library of illustrated and other books collected by the late Mr. Fairholt, has just been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge. Books illustrative of the manners and customs, and of the costumes, of this country appear to be the main feature. There were many presentation copies from literary friends.

In a recently published book, Mr. James Hutchinson, of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, points out remarkable resemblances in the Iliad of Homer and the Rāmāyana of Valmiki. He contends that the rape of Helen and the siege of Troy are really but the carrying off of Sitā and the capture of Lanka done into Greek verse. He goes further and asserts his conviction that Homer not only worshipped the same deities as the Hindus, but was himself a Hindu.

Messrs. TRÜBNER & Co. call attention to a Chinese "Murray." It appears in the shape of a neat pamphlet of some seventy pages, entitled "Notes for Tourists in the North of China," by N. B. Dennys, and is published by Messrs. A. Shortrede & Co., Hong-Kong.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., is engaged upon a work on the Irish in America, which will be published by Messrs. LONGMANS & Co.

Mr. BEETON has published for twopence a large and very fair War Map, showing the Austrian, Prussian, and Italian battle-fields.

Mr. MURRAY will publish in London the following works, prepared under the direction of the Committee of Architectural Antiquities of Western India, viz.:—"The Architecture of Ahmedabad, Capital of Goozerat," photographed by Colonel Biggs, with an historical and descriptive sketch by T. C. Hope; "The Architecture of Beejapoor, in the Bombay Presidency," photographed by Colonel Biggs and Major Loch, with an historical sketch by Colonel Meadows Taylor; and "Architecture in Dharwar and Mysore," photographed by Dr. Pigou, A. C. B. Neil, Esq., and Colonel Biggs, also with an historical sketch by Colonel Meadows Taylor. Each of the works referred to will be accompanied by an architectural essay and notes by James Fergusson, F.R.S.

Messrs. ROUTLEDGE & SONS will publish in a few days "The Vice-regal Speeches and Addresses, Lectures, and Poems of the late Earl of Carlisle, K.G.," collected and edited by J. J. Gaskin.

Messrs. LAYTON, of Fleet-street, will shortly publish—"The Average Clause: Hints on the Settlement of Claims for Losses by Fire under Mercantile Policies," by Richard Atkins, of the Sun Fire Office; "The Insurance Guide and Handbook, Corrected, Revised, and Improved," by Cornelius Walford, Esq.; and a work on the Law of Fire Insurance, by Charles John Bunyon.

Messrs. WARD, LOCK, & TYLER have just purchased the stock and copyrights of the Sixpenny Volume Library of Entertaining Books, some new volumes of which will be ready in a few days. The same house publish the series known as "Aimard's Tales of Indian Life" and "Dumas' Historical Library," each comprising a long list of works.

Messrs. TINSLEY announce as now publishing, or on the eve of appearance—"The Race for Wealth," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, 3 vols.; "The Second Mrs. Tillotson," by Percy Fitzgerald, ready this day at all libraries in the kingdom, in 3 vols.; Mrs. Henry Wood's "Elster's Folly;" "The Man of Mark," a Novel by the author of "Richard Langdon; Captain James Newall's "Eastern Hunter;" Lamartine's "Biographies and Portraits of some Celebrated People;" and Miss Freer's "Regency of Anne of Austria, Queen of France, Mother of Louis XIV.," from published and unpublished sources, with portrait.

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"WHITE HYMET, although full of body and flavour, would suit to a marvel the first course of fish."—*Times*, September 7, 1865.

"The WHITE HYMET, once tasted, will never be given up for brandied cheap Sherries."—*London Review*, July 22, 1865.

"The WHITE HYMETTUS, at sixteenpence a bottle, may give pleasure to the experienced wine drinker by its firm, dry, clean character, and abundance of peculiar wine flavour of a Tokay sort."—*All the Year Round*, June 24, 1865.

"The WHITE HYMETTUS, besides its delicious name, is not only a good wine of its kind, but its kind has the promise of great merit. The only thing that all these Greek wines want is age."—*Saturday Review*, August 12, 1865.

MONT HYMET, RED 16s. per dozen.

A full-bodied dry wine, resembling Burgundy, without acidity.

"I wish I may never drink worse liquid than my HYMET."—*Punch*, August 5, 1865.—(See Mr. Naggleton.)

KEFFESIA, WHITE 20s. and 24s. per dozen.

A dry dinner wine, approaching Chablis in character.

"The WHITE KEFFESIA at 1s. 8d. a bottle possesses a delicacy we have rarely met with in any other wine."—*Times*, Sept. 7, 1865.

"The WHITE KEFFESIA may be compared with a genuine light Sherry."—*Saturday Review*, August 12.

KEFFESIA, RED 20s. and 24s. per dozen.

A full-bodied dry wine, resembling Burgundy, without acidity.

"The KEFFESIA of 1862 will hold its own with all but the highest class of Burgundy; and though a cheap wine (it costs 20s.), it is not such a *vin du pays* as you get at a Palais Royal restaurant."—*Saturday Review*, August 12, 1865.

SANTORIN 20s. per dozen.

Ditto, older 24s. "

A very dry red wine, with Port-wine flavour.

"GREEK SANTORIN at twentypence a bottle is one of the stronger class of undrugged wines, and very like a light dry port."—*All the Year Round*, June 24, 1865.

"SANTORIN at 20s. a dozen has high alcoholic strength, and fairly represents our notion of what Port wine would be if we were allowed to taste it before the first brandying that is in Portugal made a condition of its export."—*Examiner*, September 9, 1865.

"If people must have after-dinner wine at all, they will get no dyspepsia from DENMAN'S SANTORIN, especially if their dinner has been stimulated and seasoned by half a bottle of PATRAS, or WHITE HYMETTUS, or THERA."—*Saturday Review*, August 12, 1865.

THERA 20s. per dozen.

Ditto, old 24s. per dozen.

Ditto, older 28s. per dozen.

"A wine called THERA, of the vintage of 1861, is really a good wine. We can endorse Dr. DRUITT's judgment—'Comparing this wine with a cheap fictitious wine of equal price, it is instructive to notice the fulness of wine taste and absence of spirit taste.'"—*Saturday Review*, August 12, 1865.

ST. ELIE (or "Wine of Night") 24s. per dozen.

Ditto, old 28s. "

Ditto, older 32s. "

Ditto, very superior 36s. "

A dry wine, acquiring with age a fine Amontillado flavour and character.

"Many of the white wines appear to us a delicate mixture of Hock and Sherry; and we would especially instance the ST. ELIE, a famous 'wine of night.'"—*London Review*, July 22, 1865.

"The white ST. ELIE is the very thing wherewith to thrust out the abominations sold as dinner Sherry. A ST. ELIE at 24s. a dozen is a better and more appetizing dinner wine than any Sherry at 48s."—*Examiner*, September 9, 1865.

"SANTORIN, THERA, and ST. ELIE (the 'wine of night') are all possessed of qualities which will delight the palate of all persons not spoiled by strong drink. The white Greek wines have somewhat the character of Hock, but they possess more body and a richer vinous flavour; indeed, the ST. ELIE smacks very much of an Amontillado Sherry."—*Times*, September 7, 1865.

BOUTZA 24s. and 28s. per dozen.

A full-bodied, dry, red wine.

COMO 28s. and 32s. per dozen.

A red wine, resembling young rich Port.

"The red wines, SANTORIN, COMO, &c., when two or three years in bottle, are equal to the finest Burgundies we have tasted."—*Times*, September 7, 1865.

LACRYMA CHRISTI 42s. per dozen.

A rich, red wine, far superior to Tent for the Communion.

VISANTO 48s. per dozen.

An exceedingly luscious wine: Delicious for dessert.

MALMSEY MUSCAT 48s. per dozen.

CYPRUS of the Commandery... 60s. to 96s. per dozen.

PATRAS WHITE 16s. and 20s. per dozen.

As dinner wines, replacing Sherry and Madeira, and varying the inestimable Bordeaux and Burgundies, let us commend the Amontillado-like ST. ELIE, and Madeira-like THERA, the Chablis-like WHITE HYMETTUS, the peculiar KEFFESIA, and the delightful PATRAS among the White Wines; and among the Red, SANTORIN, KEFFESIA, and BOUTZA, which have a Port flavour, the latter being finer than anything but the finest Port."

Fortnightly Review, October 15, 1865.

"The Greek wines introduced by Mr. DENMAN combine larger variety of vinous flavour with strength greater than that of any other European natural wines, being thus especially suitable for those who, from constitution or habit, incline to a full and generous though unfortified wine."—*Spectator*, June 17, 1865.

"So far as we can judge from the difference between the quality of the same wines in their first and in their second or third year, we should say that no cellar stock increases in value so rapidly and surely as a stock of Greek wines."—*Examiner*, September 9, 1865.

"Mr. DENMAN is a wine merchant, and has written a very good history of wine, and to him is due the credit of introducing some important cheap wines from Greece."—*Saturday Review*, August 12, 1865.

Terms Cash. Country Orders must contain a Remittance. Bottles and Cases to be Returned or Paid for.

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